

Arlington Advocate.

CHARLES S. PARKER, EDITOR.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 A YEAR.

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ARLINGTON, MASS., FRIDAY, AUGUST 3, 1883.

NO. 31.

FALL RIVER LINE

—FOR—

New York,

SOUTH AND WEST.

PILGRIM and BRISTOL.

Connecting trains leave Boston from OLD COLONY DEPOT week days at 4.45 p. m. (Accommodation) 6 p. m. SPECIAL EXPRESS, through to Fall River in 75 minutes. 7 p. m. Sundays.

Tickets and staterooms for sale at office of the Line, 3 Old State House, and at Old Colony Station.

J. R. KENDRICK, General Manager.

L. H. PALMER, Agent, 3 Old State House.

FREIGHT.

This line has a fleet of steamers engaged exclusively in the freight service, thus insuring prompt and reliable movement. Rates as low as other lines.

Pasturing for Horses.

I have good pastures at Arlington Heights or East Lexington, with

Plenty of Shade,

Good Water,

upland and lowland. I see all horses daily, but take them at risk of owners.

Price \$2.00 a week.

Also colts or vicious horses broken. Sick or lame horses treated scientifically. Horses bought and sold.

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Telephone No. 6830.

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Veterinary Surgeon.

P. O. address, East Lexington, Box 1. 11malt



Lexington and Boston Express.

BOSTON OFFICE, 25 Court Square. Order sent to H. L. Alderman, 25 Court Square, or to J. R. Kendrick, 3 Old State House, or to L. H. Palmer, 3 Old State House. Office at East Lexington, at Post Office and at R. W. Holbrook's.

FURNITURE MOVING. 1ydecs

Smith & Co.'s

Next Door to Pleasant St. Market.

PEARSON'S

Arlington Wheat Biscuit,

Evaporated Apple and Peach,

Canned Goods in Variety.

Give us a call and see store and goods.

CASSIUS M. HALL.

FAMILIES

Wishing for BROWN BREAD and BEANS, can have them left at their houses by leaving their orders at the Arlington Bakery.

Land for Sale.

Six acres good pasture land, partially wooded off from Pleasant street, Arlington, near of school. Will be sold at a bargain. Apply to C. S. PARKER, No. 2 Swan's Block.

ARTHUR O. GOTT,

Watchmaker and Jeweler,

Post Office Building,

LEXINGTON, MASS.

I am prepared to give you a fine watch work as can be had in the state, including adjusting fine watches to heat, cold and isochronism.

ASA COTTRELL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Master in Chancery & Notary Public.

Takes acknowledgment of Deeds and affidavits to be used in other states, and admits to bail in civil and criminal cases.

57 TRENTHAM ROW, BOSTON.

Next door to Boston Courthouse, Main Street, in Lexington.

A. P. SMITH,

Receiver of

Fine Butter.

Delivered every Monday. Purest & best butter, made in New England, can be supplied by ordering. Box 100, Lexington.

DOWN BY THE SEA.

CRESCENT BEACH, July 31, 1883.

MR. EDITOR:—No more beautiful weather could be asked for by the most fastidious lounge than the clear days and cool nights with which we have been favored during nearly the whole of July. Those who choose the hottest and most sweltering days for a seaside visit, lose all the tonic effect which the sea gives out on the cool, breezy days. Better by far, on such days, keep to the boats and spend the day in boat riding. Though but a half hour's ride from the city, we have abundant room for change of scene and amusement. On our right stretches out the Great Pier, one-third of a mile long, projecting its huge length into the sea, and presenting at night a beautiful spectacle, when the electric and other lights send their starry rays far over the water. Here the Olympian Club have established a charming skating rink, about midway of the pier, where the cooling breezes always blow, with delightful views from all sides. Harvey Blunt, the popular caterer, has established his cafe on the pier, and has fitted it up in excellent taste, while the viands and prices cannot fail to please. No pleasanter excursion can be found for the price than a sail in the "Papa Collins"; and the management deserves the gratitude of the little ones, who are given the advantage of the round trip for ten cents. The pavilion has been moved back from the rail road, directly on the beach, where water now laps its foundations. Extensive alterations have been made in its arrangements, and now, under Mr. Freeman's management, no more comfortable house can be found on the shore. The house is well filled, and many excursionists find their way to its cheerful dining halls. To the throng of daily pilgrims, the Railroad Cafe, hard by, throws open wide its arms and offers its wide verandas to the weary. Here one can sit and enjoy a fish dinner at a moderate expense, in full view of the open ocean, lulled by the sound of its restless waters. Mr. and Mrs. Barnes, with their well trained and attentive assistants, leave their guests no cause of complaint. Bathing houses abound, the temperature of the water is higher than usual, and bathers more numerous.

CAMPUS.

GOOD TIME COMING.

THE FIRST

Grand Picnic

and Excursion

—OF THE—

TRADERS OF ARLINGTON,

will be held on

Wednesday, August 8th, 1883,

at

Melville Garden,

Downer Landing.

According to agreement, all places of business will not be opened on that day, and we would invite each and all, who would like to spend a day at the seaside, to join with us, and enjoy a day of recreation and pleasure, as this occasion is for any one who wants to have a jolly good time, at one of the best places on the New England coast.

Trip tickets from Boston, including admittance to Garden, 40 cents.

To be had at any of the places of business. Take 8.22 train for Boston. Boat leaves India Wharf at 9.45. Let every man, woman and child, who can, turn out, and make this a day that will be remembered with pleasure in the good old town of Arlington.

R. T. REFUSE,

BLACK SMITH.

HORSESHOEING

Carriage Manufacturing,

Light and Heavy Express, Market and Manure Wagons,

made to order, in a superior manner.

SLEIGHS, FUNGS, ETC.

Carriage painting in all its branches.

SHOP OPPOSITE CENTRE STATION, LEXINGTON, MASS. 29July

NOTICE

To Residents of Lexington

On and after Monday, July 30, my bread team will run to Lexington every day. Sundays with brown bread and beans, when ordered.

Families not having any call card can have one on application to the driver.

H. E. SPALDING, 29July

Agent for the Arlington Bakery.

Ice Cream

By the Glass, Quart or Gallon.

Parties and picnics supplied at short notice, and on reasonable terms.

H. E. SPALDING, 29July

Arlington Bakery

Indian Longevity.

H. H. describes "The Present Condition of the Mission Indians in Southern California" in the August Century, and speak as follows of two aged San Gabriel women: A few rods from the old mission church of San Gabriel, in a hut made of bundles of the tute reeds lashed to sycamore poles, as the San Gabriel Indians made them a hundred years ago, live two old Indian women, Laura and Benjamina. Laura is one hundred and two years old, Benjamina one hundred and seventeen. The record of their baptism is still to be seen in the church books, so there can be no dispute as to their age. It does not seem at all incredible, however. If I had been told that Benjamina was a three thousand year old Nile mummy, resuscitated by some mysterious process, I should not have demurred much at the tale. The first time I saw them the two were crouching over a fire on the ground, under a sort of booth porch, in front of their hovel. Laura was making a feint of grinding corn meal in a stone bowl; Benjamina was raking the ashes with her claw-like fingers, for hot coals to start the fire afresh; her skin was like an elephant's, shriveled, black, hanging in folds and welts on her neck and breast and bony arms; it was not like anything human; her shrunken eyes, bright as beads, peered out from under thickets of coarse grizzled gray hair. Laura wore a white cloth band around her head, tied on with a strip of scarlet flannel; above that, tattered black shawl, which gave her the look of an aged imp. Old baskets, old pots, old pans, old stone mortars and pestles, broken tiles and bricks, rags, straw, boxes, legless chairs, in short, all conceivable rubbish, were strewn about or piled up in the place, making the weirdest of backgrounds for the aged crones' figures. Inside the hut were two bedsteads and a few boxes, baskets and nets; and drying grapes and peppers hung on the walls. A few feet away was another hut, only a trifle better than this; four generations were living in the two. Benjamina's step-daughter, aged eighty, was a fine creature. With a white band straight around her forehead close to the eyebrows and a gay plaid handkerchief thrown on above it, falling squarely on each side of her face, she looked like an old Bedouin sheik. Our Mexican friend remembered Laura as she was fifty years ago. She was then, even at fifty-two, celebrated as one of the swiftest runners and best base ball players in all the San Gabriel games. She was a singer, too, in the choir. Coaxing her up on her feet, patting her on the shoulder, entreating and caressing her as one would a child, he succeeded in persuading her to chant for us the Lord's Prayer and part of the litanies, as she was wont to do it in the old days. It was a picturesque and incredible sight. The more she stirred and sang and lifted her arms, the less alive she looked. We asked the step-daughter if they were happy and wished to live. Laughing she repeated the question to them. "Oh, yes, we wish to live forever," they replied. They were greatly terrified, the daughter said, when the railroad cars first ran through San Gabriel. They thought it was the devil come to burn up the world. Their chief solace is tobacco. To beg it, Benjamina will creep about in the village by the hour, bent double over her staff, tottering at every step. They sit for the most part silent, motionless on the ground; their knees drawn up, their hands clasped over them, their heads sunk on their breasts. In my drives in the San Gabriel valley I often saw them sitting thus, as if they were dead. The sight has an indescribable fascination. It seemed that to be able to penetrate into the recesses of their thoughts would be to lay hold upon secrets as old as the earth.

—N. Y. Commercial.

Another of those terrible convulsions of nature known as earthquakes has occurred on the Mediterranean, resulting in a large loss of life. These phenomena cannot be predicted like commotion in the atmosphere, and their approach is ever as unexpected as it is terrible. That portion of the globe which was visited on Sunday has frequently been the scene of devastation from the same cause, and although the loss of 15,000 people is terrible to contemplate, there have been occasions when the number of victims greatly exceeded that figure.

Sunday steamboat excursions

are now common all along the coast, New York and Boston naturally sending out more excursionists than any other cities. There is, however, a marked difference in the behavior of the Boston excursionist and the New York excursionist. The passengers by the boats running out from Boston are quiet and orderly, on some of the New York boats drunkenness and rowdiness are rampant, and life is unsafe. The difference is due to two causes,—the better management of the Boston boats, and the better character of the excursionists thereon. Boston is not without its rowdy element. Our rowdies are not organized in gangs, and they have a healthy fear of the police. They know that they could not practically take possession of an excursion steamer, and after a day of rioting and drunkenness have immunity from arrest and punishment. If Boston no longer maintains a Puritan Sabbath, it cannot be said that it makes Sunday more than any other day of the week, a day of turbulence, noise and drunkenness. And if Boston cannot boast that it is free from disreputable and dangerous classes, our police still hold them in restraint; they are tolerated, but they are not the rulers of the city, or strong enough to resist the authorities or to defy public opinion. And it is not in the Sunday excursions, alone, that the differing characteristics of the two cities is apparent.—Traveller.

OUR REPORTER'S GATHERINGS

IN ARLINGTON.

—Cold day for those who get left next Wednesday.

—Chief of Police Hartwell is away on his annual summer vacation.

—The hitching post was removed from in front of Town Hall, Saturday.

—Seats have been put in the new depot by the Harwood Seat Co., the past week.

—The driveway at the Unitarian church has recently been graded by Mr. Thorpe.

—Rev. J. K. Abbott, of Medford, will occupy the pulpit at the Baptist church, Sunday.

—Full particulars in regard to the Traders' Excursion to Downer Landing, next Wednesday, will be found in our advertising columns.

—Rev. L. A. Bosworth, of Somerville, will preach in Union Hall next Sunday at 10.30 a. m.

—A perusal of the police reports of 1874 to the present time will settle any dispute on the liquor question.

—During the month of August there will be no service at the First Parish (Unitarian) church.

—Mr. C. F. Oakman has a new horse for his depot carriage. The animal has considerable life and animation on occasion.

—Mr. R. W. Shattuck has been presented with a handsome lodge badge, set with diamonds, from his associates in Boston of the Knight Templars.

—As Arlington stores will all be closed next Wednesday our readers will see the importance of making arrangements for needed provisions or groceries on the day previous.

—Dr. Peatfield enjoyed his pedestrian tour so thoroughly, he thinks of visiting the White Mountain region again before the season closes.

—During the rain storm of Saturday afternoon, the house on Mystic street owned by Mr. Clinton Whittemore was struck by lightning and slightly damaged.

—Rev. Mr. Seymour, of Fort Wayne, brother of the pastor of the Winchester Congregational church, will conduct the services at the Pleasant street Congregational church, Sunday.

—The depot at Arlington Heights has been repainted, both inside and out, the past week, and presents an attractive appearance. The outside is in three colors and the walls inside are prettily tinted.

—Messrs. Walter Russell and Ralph W. Shattuck will accompany the Boston Commandery of Knights Templars on their excursion to California, which leaves Boston to-morrow.

—The public library will be closed during the month of August, except Wednesdays and Saturdays. Miss Newton, librarian, will take her vacation in Philadelphia, during this month.

—We have lost heart, poor fellow, ever since the first of May! Such an expression as that in regard to a liquor seller of Arlington is worth something as testimony as to the state of the liquor traffic here.

—A party of young people, from Arlington and Medford, enjoyed a ride to Sandy Pond, Lincoln, last Sunday.

—Services at St. John's Episcopal church will be discontinued through the month of August. At the closing service last Sunday evening, Rev. E. A. Rand delivered an interesting temperance address.

—The Arlington Heights M. E. Sunday school will join with the Burlington Sunday school in a picnic at Lily Point Grove next Tuesday. Barges leave Union Hall at 7.45 a. m. Fare for adults, 60 cents; children 25 cents.

—The Emmet Boat Club won first prize (\$35.00) at the temperance picnic at Lake Walden on Thursday, in a lively contest with four other crews. We congratulate the Arlington boys on their success.

—The usual large proportion of the taxes of Arlington were paid on or before the first of August. The collector scattered the bills through the mail, in envelopes already prepared, as soon as the warrant was received from the State officials.

—We have the most positive proof that the liquor traffic of Arlington was never so perfectly regulated as it is to-day. What other result could be expected when the citizens comprising the Law and Order League combine for such a purpose?

—It is to be hoped the Chief of Police is misrepresented in the disgraceful attack on the good order of Arlington which appeared in the rum seller's organ last week. If he is truthfully reported, his resignation should be immediately demanded.

—The persons who assert that drunkenness is more prevalent in Arlington than ever before, display a profound ignorance of the real facts. The accumulated excess of all the Cambridge saloons that pour itself out from the late cars sometimes, is as nothing to that which formerly hid itself in the bar room, saloon and private house, and finally wandered off home in detail.

—Monday morning the pony attached to the phaeton driven by little Lindsay Foster became frightened by the detachment of his bridle, and ran furiously up the Avenue. The little fellow bravely hung on to the reins, but in turning at Pleasant street corner ran into a buggy and was overturned throwing the boy out, and after dragging the carriage a short distance, the pony was stopped, without serious damage to phaeton, and none at all to the little fellow.

—Last week a full report of preliminary steps taken by the traders of Arlington for an "outing" was given. At a meeting on Monday evening these arrangements were completed, and a programme as planned was given. Next Wednesday, Aug. 8th, is the day chosen, and Downer Landing has been wisely chosen as the resort, and as the accommodations there are ample, the invitation to join the excursion is extended to all who care to participate. The 8.22 train from Arlington will be in season for the 9.45 boat from India Wharf, and the traders and families will mainly go by that train. This excursion will mark a delightful new departure; will bring mere speaking acquaintances into closer friendly relations; will develop the best side of our nature; will be helpful in a hundred suggestive ways. Let there be a generous response to the invitation of our "traders."

—Early Wednesday morning the newsboy on the Boston and Lowell Railroad met with a sad accident. He was asked for a paper between Winchester and West Medford, but had sold out, and said, "I'll get you one at West Medford." True to his word he attempted to do so; but the train running past a little he knew his time was short, and getting off before the train stopped he slipped and went under the car wheels. His right leg was completely cut off and the other foot crushed badly. He was put aboard the train and sent to the Massachusetts General Hospital on its arrival in Boston. Among his first utterances after the accident was, "What'll poor mother do?" He died about 10 o'clock. His name was Thomas Nivilla, he was about seventeen years old, and his home was in Lowell.

—Northwestern Colorado is reported to be a region of great mineral wealth, but its occupation as the reservation of the White River Utes has prevented its exploration development. No white man could cross over into the territory without risking his life at the hands of the Utes, or being subjected to arrest by the United States authorities. The country remained practically unoccupied until the Legis-

lature in February last opened it up by creating it a county, which was named Garfield. A full set of officers were appointed soon after, and now the county government is fully organized. The territory of which this new county is composed is over 100 miles from east to west, and about 80 miles from north to south. Miners are now flocking into the country, and a mining town has been located on a mountain almost on a level with the top of Pike's Peak, being about 11,000 feet above sea level. The shafts sunk developed rich bearing ore. The Denver and Rio Grande railroad is extending in the direction of the camp.

—The town of Waldo, Florida, claims the largest orange tree in the world. It was planted 65 years ago, and its dimensions are: height 34 feet; spread of branches from tip to tip, 58 feet; and girth one foot above the base of the trunk 9 feet and 2 inches. It has borne more than 12,000 oranges in one season.

—There is no risk in following nature in our eating, provided ordinary caution is used in regard to time and quantities. The substitution of fruits and cereals, at this season of the year, for meats and other heavy food is pointed out by the profuseness with which nature supplies other articles, and there has never been a season more prolific than the present. The sun and the clouds have conspired to make fruits so cheap that the poorest may have a surfeit, and they come along in such an orderly series as to lead to the belief that each article has its destiny as well as time, in promoting the health and vigor of humanity.

BEDFORD NOTES.

A vote of thanks were passed by the Congregational Sunday school to the Young Men's Christian Union and its president, W. H. Baldwin, Esq. for the generous offer of settees for their vestry.

Rev. Dr. Wallace, of Manchester, N. H., supplied the pulpit of the Congregational church the two last Sabbaths. Rev. Sam'l. L. Lane, of Newport, Kentucky, preaches the next two Sundays.

The union praise meeting was held in Town Hall last Sunday. Rev. Dr. Wallace and Mr. W. H. Baldwin were the speakers.

The new house of Mr. C. H. Clark, on the site of the one recently burned, is being rapidly pushed forward by Mr. O. J. Lane.

The Railroad Co. are taking down the engine house at Concord and putting it up at Bedford station.

The Unitarian societies in Bedford and Carlisle are without settled ministers at the present time. Mr. Milstead, of the Cambridge Divinity school, has been supplying for the past year. It was expected that the two churches would be closed for the month of August, but by special request of the two societies, Mr. W. H. Baldwin, of Boston, who is passing the summer at Bedford, will conduct a special union service in the Bedford church next Sunday afternoon, Aug. 5th, at half-past two o'clock, and in the Carlisle church the following Sunday, Aug. 12, at the same hour. All interested are cordially invited.

OUR REPORTER'S WORK

IN LEXINGTON.

—The Fowle family take a barge ride to-day.

—Carlisle has rejoined in a visit from our friend Litchfield.

—Empire State tickets can be obtained of Mr. Fowle, at the centre railroad station, at reduced rates.

—Tuesday last the D. D. I. F. camp broke up, having enjoyed a ten days' camp at Sandy Pond, Lincoln.

—The Lexingtons will play with the Farley-Harvey nine, of Boston, on the common, Saturday at 3.30 o'clock.

—Mr. A. Locke and wife, Mr. N. Locke and Mrs. S. Locke, will spend a few weeks in North Conway during August.

—Camping at Lincoln Pond will be the programme of a number of Lexington boys for the next two weeks.

—Attention was drawn to a man on the railroad track near the Mr. Conley's green house by his peculiar actions, on Saturday last. Later he was found lying across the track and pulled off in time to escape being run over by a passing train. Officer Clark was notified and on arrival took the man into custody. From his remarks it was inferred that he was insane, and after a consultation he was taken to Tewksbury. Subsequently his name was ascertained to be Andrew Callahan.

KENTUCKY BELLE.

Summer of '63, sir, Conrad had gone away—Gone to the country town, sir, to sell our first load of hay. We lived in the log-house yonder—poor, as ever you've seen; Quacken there was a baby, and I was only nineteen.

Conrad he took the oxen, but he left Kentucky Belle; How much we thought of Kentucky I couldn't begin to tell. Came from the Blue Grass country; my father gave her to me When he rode North with Conrad, away from the Tennessee.

Conrad lived in Ohio—a German he is, you know; The horses stood in broad cornfields, stretching on, row after row. The old folks made me welcome—they were kind as kind could be; But I kept longing, longing for the hills of the Tennessee.

Oh! for a sight of water, the shadowed slope of a hill, Clouds that hang on the summit, a wind that never is still; But the level land went stretching away to meet the sky—Never a rise from north to south to rest the weary eye.

From east to west no river to shine out under the moon, Nothing to make a shadow in the yellow afternoon, Only the breathless sunshine, as I looked out all around. Only the rustle, rustle, as I walked among the corn.

When I fell sick with pinin' we didn't wait any more, But moved away from the corn lands out to this river shore. The "Tuscarawas" it's called, sir—off there's a hill, you see, And now I've learned to like it next best to the Tennessee!

I was at work that morning. Some one came riding like mad Over the bridge and up the road—Farmer Roul's little lad. Bareback he rode, he had no hat, he barely stopped to say, "Morgan's men are coming, Frau, they are galloping up this way."

"I'm sent to warn the neighbors. He isn't a mile behind. He sweeps up all the horses, every horse that he can find. Morgan, Morgan, the raider, and Morgan's terrible men. With bowie-knives and pistols are galloping up the glen!"

The lad rode down the valley and I stood still at the door; The boys laughed and prattled, playing with spoons on the floor. Kentucky was out in the pasture, Conrad, my man, was gone. Near, nearer, Morgan's men were galloping, galloping on!

Sudden I picked up baby and ran to the pasture here. "Kentucky!" I called, "Kentucky!" She knew me ever so far, Tied her to the gully that turns off there to the right. And tied her there to the bushes, her head was just out of sight.

As I ran back to the log-house, at once there came a sound. The sound of hoofs, galloping hoofs, trembling over the ground. Coming into the turnpike from the White Woman Glen, Morgan, Morgan, the raider, and Morgan's terrible men.

As near they drew, and nearer, my heart beat fast in alarm. But still I stood in the doorway with baby on my arm. They came; they passed; with spur and whip in haste they sped along. Morgan, Morgan, the raider, and his band six hundred strong.

Wearily looked and faded, riding by night and by day. Pressing on east to the river, many long miles away. To the border strip where Virginia runs up into the west, And feeding the Upper Ohio before they could stop to rest.

On like the wind they hurried and Morgan rode in advance. Bright were his eyes like live coals as he gave me a sideways glance. And I was just breathing freely after my choking. When the last one of the troopers suddenly drew his rein.

Frightened I was to death, sir, I scarce dared look in his face. As he asked for a drink of water and glanced about the place. I gave him a cup, and he smiled—'twas only a boy, you see. Faint and worn, with dim blue eyes; and he'd sailed on to the Tennessee.

Only sixteen he was, sir, a fond mother's only son; Off and away with Morgan before his life had begun. The damp drops stood on his temples, drawn was the boyish mouth. And I thought me of the mother waiting down in the South.

Oh! pluck he was to the backbone, sir, and clear grit through and through; Bowed and dragged like a trooper, but the big boy was dying, sir, dying, as plain as plain could be. Worn out by his ride with Morgan up from the Tennessee.

But when I told the lad that I, too, was from the South, Water came in the dim eyes and quivers around the mouth. "Do you know the Blue Grass country?" he wistfully asked to say; Then swayed like a willow sapling, and fainted dead away.

I had him into the log house and worked and brought him to, I fed him and I coaxed him as I thought his mother'd do. And when the lad got better and the noise in his head was gone, Morgan's men were miles away, galloping, galloping on.

"Oh! I must go," he muttered, "I must be up and away. Morgan, Morgan's waiting me, oh, what will Morgan say?" But I heard a sound of tramping and kept him back from the door. The ringing sound of horses' hoofs which I had heard before.

And on, on came the soldiers—the Michigan cavalry. And fast they rode and black they looked, galloping rapidly. They had followed hard on Morgan's track, they had followed day and night, But of Morgan and Morgan's raiders they had never caught a sight.

And rich Ohio soil started through all those summer days. For strange, wild men were galloping over her broad highways. Now there, now there, now seen, now gone, now north, now west, now east, Through river valleys and corn-land farms, sweeping away her best.

A bold ride and a long ride, but they were taken at last. They had at last reached the river by galloping hard and fast. But the boys in blue were upon them ere they had gained the ford, And Morgan, Morgan, the raider, laid down his terrible sword.

Well, I kept the boy till evening—kept him against his will. But he was too weak to follow, and lay there pale and still. When it was cool and dusky—your'll wonder to hear us talk— But I stole down to that gully and fetched up Kentucky Belle.

I kissed the star on her forehead, my pretty, gentle one. And I knew that she'd be happy back in old Blue Grass. A short-corn suit of Conrad's with all the money I had. And Kentucky, pretty Kentucky, I gave to that worn-out lad.

I guided him to the southward as well as I know how. "Thank you with many thanks and many a tear," he said. And then the glow faded, and my heart began to ache. And when she rode away she went, my last Kentucky Belle.

When Conrad came in the evening the moon was low and bright. And when he came crying—I couldn't tell him how I felt. And when he came crying—I couldn't tell him how I felt.

And a poor, old horse with drooping head stood in Kentucky's stall.

Well, he was kind and never once said a harsh word to me. He knew I couldn't help it—'twas all for the Tennessee. And when the war was over just think what came to pass: A letter, sir, and the two were safe back in the old Blue Grass!

The lad had got across the border riding Kentucky Belle, And Kentucky she was thriving and fat and hearty. He'd cared for her and kept her, nor touched her with whip or spur— Ah, we've had many horses since, but never a horse like her!

—Constance F. Woolson.

THE STOLEN NOTE.

Except that he indulged too freely in the use of the intoxicating cup, John Wallace was an honest, high-minded and extraordinary man. His one great fault hung like a dark shadow over his many virtues. He meant well, and when he was sober he did well.

He was a hatter by trade, and by industry and thrift he had secured money enough to buy the house in which he lived. He had purchased it several years before for \$3,000, paying \$1,000 down, and securing the balance by mortgage to the seller.

The mortgage was almost due at the time circumstances made me acquainted with the affairs of the family. But Wallace was ready for the day; he had saved up the money; there seemed to be no possibility of an accident. I was well acquainted with Wallace, having done some little collecting and drawn up legal documents for him. One day his daughter Annie came to my office in great distress, declaring that her father was ruined, and that they should be turned out of the house in which they lived.

"Perhaps not, Miss Wallace," said I, trying to console her, and give the affair, whatever it was, a bright aspect. "What has happened?"

"My father," she replied, "had the money to pay the mortgage on the house in which we live, but it is all gone now."

"Has he lost it?"

"I don't know. I suppose so. Last week he drew two thousand dollars from the bank and lent it to Mr. Bryce for ten days."

"Who is Mr. Bryce?"

"He is a broker. My father got acquainted with him through George Chandler, who boards with us, and who is Mr. Bryce's clerk."

"Does Mr. Bryce refuse to pay it?"

"He says he has paid it."

"Well, what is the trouble, then?"

"Father says he has not paid it."

"Indeed! But the note will prove that he has paid it. Of course, you have the note?"

"No. Mr. Bryce has it."

"Then, of course, he has paid it?"

"I suppose he has, or he could not have the note."

"What does your father say?"

"He is positive that he never received the money. The mortgage, he says, must be paid to-morrow."

"Very singular! Was your father—"

I hesitated to use the unpleasant word, which must have grated harshly on the ear of the devoted girl.

"Mr. Bryce says father was not quite right when he paid him, but not very bad."

"I will see your father."

"He is coming here in a few moments; I thought I would see you first and tell you the facts before he came."

"I do not see how Bryce could have obtained the note unless he paid the money. Where did your father keep it?"

"He gave it to me, and I put it in the secretary."

"Who was in the room when you put it in the secretary?"

"Mr. Bryce, George Chandler, my father and myself."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Wallace. He looked pale and haggard, as much from the effects of anxiety as from the debauch from which he was recovering.

"She has told you about it, I suppose?" said he, in a very low tone.

"She has."

I pitied him, poor fellow, for two thousand dollars was a large sum for him to accumulate in his little business. The loss of it would make the future look like a desert to him. It would be a misfortune which one must undergo to appreciate it.

"What passed between you on that day?"

"Well, I merely stepped into his office—it was only the day before yesterday—to tell him not to forget to have the money for me by to-morrow. He took me into his back office, and as I sat there he said he would get the money ready the next day. He then left me and went into the front office, where I heard him send George out to the bank to draw a check for two thousand dollars; so I supposed he was going to pay me then."

"What does the clerk say about it?"

"He says Mr. Bryce remarked when he sent him that he was going to pay me the money."

"Just so."

"And when George came in he went into the front office again and took the money. Then he came to me again and did not offer to pay me the money."

"Had you the note with you?"

"No; now I remember, he said he supposed I had not the note with me or he would pay it. I told him to come in the next day and I would have it ready—that was yesterday. When I came to look for the note, it could not be found. Annie and I have hunted the house all over."

"You told Bryce so?"

"I did. He laughed, and showed me his note, with his signature crossed over with ink and a hole punched through it."

"It is plain, Mr. Wallace, that he paid you the money, as alleged, or has obtained fraudulent possession of the note, and intends to cheat you out of the amount."

"He never paid me," he replied, firmly.

"Then he has fraudulently obtained possession of the note. What sort of a person is that Chandler who boards with you?"

"A fine young man. Bless you, he would not do anything of the kind."

"I am sure he would not," repeated Annie, earnestly.

"How else could Bryce obtain the note but through him? What time does he come home at night?"

"Always at teatime. He never goes out in the evening."

"But, father, he did not come home till 10 o'clock the night before you went to Bryce's. He had to stay in the office to post books, or something of the kind."

"How did he get in?"

"He has a night key."

"I must see Chandler," said I.

"No harm in seeing him," added Mr. Wallace; "I will go for him."

In a few moments he returned with the young man Chandler, who, in the conversation I had with him, manifested a very lively interest in the solution of the mystery, and professed himself ready to do anything to forward my views.

"When did you return to the house on Thursday night?"

"About twelve."

"Twelve!" said Annie, "it was not more than ten when I heard you."

"The clock struck twelve as I turned the corner of the street," replied Chandler, positively.

"I certainly heard some one in the front room at ten," said Annie, looking with astonishment at those around her.

"We're getting at something," said I. "How did you get in?"

The young man smiled as he glanced at Annie, and said:

"On arriving at the door I found I had lost my night-key. At that moment a watchman happened along and I told him my situation. He knew me, and taking a ladder from an unfinished house opposite placed it against one of the second-story windows, and I entered in that way."

"Good. Now who was it that was heard in the parlor unless it was Bryce or one of his accomplices? He must have taken the key from your pocket, Chandler, and stolen the note from the secretary. At any rate, I will charge him with the crime, let what may happen. Perhaps he will confess when hard pushed."

Acting upon this thought, I wrote a lawyer's letter—"demanded against you," etc.—which was immediately sent to Mr. Bryce. Cautioning the parties not to speak of the affair, I dismissed them.

Bryce came.

"Well, sir, what have you to say against me?" he asked stiffly.

"A claim on the part of John Wallace for \$2,000," I replied, poking over my papers and appearing perfectly indifferent.

"Paid it," he said, short as pie-crust.

"Have you?" said I, looking him sharply in the eye.

The rascal quailed. I saw that he was a villain.

"Nevertheless, if within an hour you do not pay me \$2,000, and \$100 for the trouble and anxiety you have caused my client, at the end of the next hour you will be lodged in jail to answer a criminal charge."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean what I say. Pay, or take the consequences."

It was a bold charge, and if he had looked like an honest man I should not have dared to make it.

"I have paid the money, I tell you," said he; "I have the note in my possession."

"Where did you get it?"

"I got it when I paid the—"

"When you feloniously entered the house of John Wallace on Thursday night at 10 o'clock and took the said note from the secretary?"

"You have no proof," said he, grasping a chair for support.

"That is my lookout. I have no time to waste. Will you pay or go to jail?"

He saw that the evidence I had was too strong for his denial, and he drew his check on the spot for twenty-one hundred dollars, and after begging me not to mention the affair he sneaked off.

I cashed the check and hastened to Wallace's house. The reader may judge with what satisfaction he received it, and how rejoiced was Annie and her lover. Wallace insisted that I should take \$100 for my trouble, but I was magnanimous to keep only \$20. Wallace signed the pledge, and was ever after a temperate man. He died a few years ago, leaving a handsome property to Chandler and his wife, the marriage between him and Annie having taken place shortly after the above-narrated circumstances occurred.

What Editors Want.

The *Literary World* has a word of advice to the applicants for editorial and other newspaper positions, which, inasmuch as applicants are rather numerous about this time, is worth heeding. "There is no room for men in journalism," it says, "but there is room for work." The applicant waits on the editor, hat in hand, and the editor gives him the stereotyped answer: "No additional help wanted in this office." If a stranger succeeds it will not be by pushing himself in, but by presenting his writing. Editors, as a rule, take interest not in individuals, but in manuscripts. Angle for an editor's attention, it suggests. Throw him an article at which you think he will bite; if he does not, try him with a second. Be anxious to give him a little better work than any body else—better in subject, better in treatment. If that be done, one's place is sure. If he can only wait. If any one has journalistic ability it will be found out and he will be sent for. If he has not, he had better try something else.

THE MILWAUKEE TERROR.

THAT HORRID BOY GETS HIS PA AND MA INTO A SNAPE.

Fitting Up a Job by Which His Parents Think Sunday Was a Saturday—What Happened in Consequence.

"Hello," said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came in looking sick at heart, and all broke up. "How is your muscle this morning?"

"All right enough," said the boy, with a look of inquiry, as though wondering what was coming next. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing, only I was going to grind the hatchet, and some knives and things, this morning, and I thought maybe you would like to go out in the shed and turn the grindstone for me to develop your muscles. Turning a grindstone is the healthiest thing a boy can do."

"That is all right enough," said the bad boy, as he took up a sweet cracker, "but please take a good look at me. Do I look like a grindstone boy? Do I resemble a good little boy that can't say 'no,' and goes off and turns a grindstone half a day for some old duffer, who pays him by giving him a handful of green currants, or telling him he will be a man some day, and the boy goes off one way with a lame back, while the good man goes the other way with a sharp scythe, and a chuckle at the softness of the boy? You are mistaken in me. I have passed the grindstone period, and you will have to pick up another sardine who has never done circular work. Not any grindstone for Henney, if you please."

"You are getting too smart," said the grocery man, as he charged a pound of sweet crackers to the boy's father. "But what is it about your pa and ma being turned out of the church? I hear that they scandalized themselves horribly last Sunday."

"Well, you see, me and my chum put up a job on pa to make him think Sunday was only Saturday and ma she fell into it and I guess we are all going to get fired from the church for working on Sunday. You see they didn't go to meetin' last Sunday because ma's new bonnet hadn't come, and Monday and Tuesday it rained, and the rest of the week was so muddy no one called, or they could not get anywhere, so Monday I slid out early and got the daily paper, and on Tuesday my chum he got the paper off the steps and put Monday's paper in its place. I watched when they were reading it, but they did not notice the date. Then Wednesday we put Tuesday's paper on the steps and pa said that it seemed more than Tuesday, but ma she got the paper of the day before and looked at the date and said it seemed so to her but she guessed they had lost a day somehow. Thursday we got Wednesday's paper on the steps, and Friday we rung in Thursday's paper, and Saturday my chum he got Friday's paper on the steps, and ma said she guessed she would wash to-morrow, and pa said he believed he would hoe in the garden and get the weeds out so it would look better to folks when they went by Sunday to church. Well, Sunday morning came, and with it Saturday's daily paper, and pa barely glanced it over as he got on his overalls and went out in his shirt sleeves a hoeing in the front garden. And I and my chum helped ma to carry water to wash. She said it seemed like the longest week she ever saw, but when we brought the water, and took a plate of pickles to the hired girl that was down with the mumps, we got in the lilac bushes and waited for the curtain to rise. It wasn't long before folks began going to church and you'd a dide laughing to see them all step in front of where ma was washing and look at her, and then go on to where pa was hoeing weeds and stop and look at him, and then drive on. After about a dozen teams had passed I heard ma ask pa if he knew who was dead, as there must be a funeral somewhere. Pa had just hoed into a bumblebee's nest and said he did not know of any that was dead, but knew some that ought to be, and ma she did not ask any foolish questions any more. After about twenty teams had stopped, ma she got nervous and asked Deacon Smith if he saw anything green; he said something about desecration and drove away. Deacon Brown asked pa if he did not think he was setting a bad example before his boy, but pa he said he thought it would be a good one if the boy could only be hired to do it. Finally ma got mad and took the tub behind the house where they could not see her. About 4 o'clock that afternoon we saw a dozen of our congregation, headed by the minister, file into our yard, and my chum and I knew it was time to fly, so we got on the back steps, where we could hear. Pa met them at the door, expecting some bad news, and when they were seated, ma she came in and remarked it was a very unhealthy year, and it stood people in hand to meet their latter end. None of them said a word until the elder put on his specs and said it was a solemn occasion, and ma she turned pale and wondered who it could be, and pa says, don't keep us in suspense, who is dead? and the elder said no one was dead, but they called as a duty they owed the cause to take action on them for working on Sunday. Ma she fainted away, and they threw a pitcher of water down her back, and pa said he guessed they were a pack of lunatics, but they all swore it was Sunday and they saw ma washing and pa out hoeing as they went to church, and they had called to take action on them. Then there was a few minutes low conversation. I could not catch, and then we heard pa kick his chair over and say it was more tricks of that boy, then we knew it was time to adjourn, and I was just getting through the back fence as pa reached me with a barrel stave, and that's what makes me limp a me."

"That was real mean in you boys," said the grocery man. "It will be

hard for your pa and ma to explain that matter. Just think how bad they must feel!"

"Oh, I don't know. I remember hearing pa and Uncle Ezra telling how they fooled their father once, and got him to go to mill with a grist, on Sunday, and pa said he would defy anybody to fool him on the day of the week. I don't think a man ought to tempt a little boy by defying him to fool his father. Well, I'll take a glass of your fifty-cent cider and go," and the boy took a glass of cider and went out, and soon the grocery man looked out of the window and found that somebody had added a cipher to the "Sweet cider, only five cents a glass," making it an expensive drink, considering it was made of sour apples.—*Milwaukee Sun.*

WEALTH HINTS.

Dr. J. H. Mussen has produced good results in a number of cases of varicose veins from the use of fluid extract of hamamelis in teaspoonful doses. The cases are recorded in the *Medical Times*.

The *Medical Record* says that Professor Bischoff has found in seventeen cases of snake bites that a filtered solution of chloride of lime, injected into the place where the virus entered, prevented any poisonous symptoms appearing.

A physician says that it must not be assumed that, because there is more fresh and unbreathed air on the mountains or at the seaside, there need be no precautions. There are special exposures in these changes. The dampness of morning and night is often apparent, and flannel underclothing is needed. The crowding into smaller rooms gives less air space and tempts to open windows, which, however good, must not be so situated as, through small openings, to pour a stream of air on the body when covered with perspiration. The beds in hotels are not infrequently damp, and many colds have their origin from them.

In some parts of England, among the poorer classes, a large glass of cold spring water, taken on going to bed, is found to be a successful remedy for colds; in fact, many medical practitioners recommend a reduced atmosphere and frequent draughts of cold fluid as the most efficacious remedy for a recent cold, particularly when the patient's habit is full and plethoric. It is well known that confining inoculated persons in warm rooms will make their smallpox more violent by augmenting the general heat and fever; and it is for the same reason that a similar practice in colds is attended with analogous results—a cold being in reality a slight fever.

Impaling.

The Annamese have brought the science of impalement to a much finer point than might be inferred from the process heretofore described. A French officer, who witnessed an execution in Tonquin, before the recent troubles, gives a very curious account of the apparatus of impalement. A lofty stake with sharp point is fixed into the ground as firmly as a telegraph pole; and with the upper part a chair of iron, having an orifice in the center of the seat, is connected. The point of the stake fits the orifice in the chair; and the latter is lowered or raised by machinery set in motion by a crank—so that several feet of the pole can be forced through the body of any one seated in the chair. There is a lofty platform, rising to the same height as the pole, and reached by a ladder. The executioner compels his victim to mount and take his seat in the chair, whereon he is immovably chained. Then the crank is turned forty or fifty times—the stake being buried further and further in the criminal's body at each turn.

All this appears unutterably horrible to Europeans; but the Orientals are not constituted as we are. They fear ordinary forms of death very little; and decapitation or hanging has as little terrors for them as the workhouse for the common Anglo-Saxon criminal. Moreover, their nervous system—especially that of the Chinese and kindred races is not altogether similar to the nervous system of Aryan races. The French officer who witnessed the method of execution above described, avers that the criminal continued to eat a banana, until the operation was half completed; and many travelers concur in bearing evidence that the Chinese exhibit under torture a degree of fortitude equal, if not superior, to the well-known stoicism of the American Indian. But it is rather strange to learn that part of the iron machinery used in the impaling process referred to, bears the trade-mark of a French ironmaster!

Editor Versus Broker.

In connection with the bridge a good story was told of one of the most genial and popular of financial editors in this city. Thursday he was accosted by a well-known member of the stock exchange, who asked if he could get him a pass over the bridge.

"Not to-day," said the editor, "but if you will walk down to my room I will give you a pass over the bridge good for to-morrow."

The broker overwhelmed him with thanks and followed him to the office, when the editor, with a twinkle in his eye, presented the applicant with a cent.

The broker was disposed at first to be very angry at what he termed an insult, but when it dawned upon him that next day the bridge would be open to all comers at one cent each, he ordered the drinks and asked that no more be said about it.—*New York World.*

Up to 1824 there were 323 offenses which were capital by the laws of England, and 187 laws for inflicting the death penalty had been passed since the accession of Charles II.

A BATTLE AMONG INDIANS.

THE TRAGEDY ENACTED ON THE SHORES OF GRAND LAKE.

How the Cheyennes and the Utes Settled a Standing Dispute—A Bloody Massacre—Indian Superstition.

Referring to the murder of two men at Grand Lake, Col., the Denver (*Col.*) *Tribune* says: "Grand Lake, the scene of the recent tragedy, has a number of romantic associations connected with it, and it is connected with Indian legends, all of them more or less tragic in their character, and all full of the superstition of the red man. To the Indian Grand Lake has a peculiar interest, for with it is connected stories of battles and carnage, heroic bravery and a fierce fight which swept a whole band from the face of the earth. The principal tribes inhabiting this section of the country were the Utes, Arapahoes and Cheyennes, and between the former, who were the mountain Indians, and the latter tribes, who pitched their tepees on the plains, was waged a perpetual warfare. The Utes, if anything, more cruel and unscrupulous than their neighbors of the lowlands, always dwelt in mountain fastnesses, from which they would swoop down from time to time, carrying off the ponies and other valuables of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, provoking each time short battles, in which they were generally victorious. In the spring of 1847 a considerable band of Utes were encamped on the banks of the lake on the exact spot where the town now stands. The snows of the past winter had left the trails sufficiently bare, and the stock of ponies and other luxuries was getting very low, so a considerable portion of the warriors were called together one fine morning by their chief and harangued on the duty they owed to their tribe to inflict punishment on their hereditary enemies, and get some ponies, after which the line of march was taken for the distant plains. After several days of marching the enemy was surprised in a grove of cottonwood on the banks of the Platte, a few miles below where Denver now stands, which was the favorite camping and hunting ground of all the plain Indians. Stealing stealthily upon their foe the attack was made in the gray of the early dawn. Although aroused from their slumbers thus unexpectedly a vigorous defense was made, and the battle raged until the sun was high in the heavens, when the attacking party, being repulsed, retreated, not stopping until they had reached their mountain home on the lake. In their flight, however, they carried off, beside several of the coveted ponies, the fair "Star of the Night," the favorite daughter of the Arapahoe chieftain. As soon as the great loss was discovered all of the young warriors, burning for revenge, clamored for the war-path. But little time was occupied in the funeral dance over the half dozen who had been slain in the battle, when the pursuit was begun with a vow from each that no halt should be made until the enemies were punished and the maiden rescued. Silently, like an immense serpent crawling through the defiles and cañons, the faint moonlight casting weird shadows from the cliffs above, now wending around some rocky bluff, then stealing through some thicket or scrub-oak, the united bands trod their way, now paused in their course, following closely in the trail of the despoilers. On the third day, just as the dawn was breaking, they came upon the camp of the enemy, who, tired with the fatigues of their long march and battle, were sleeping soundly. Like a whirlwind of destruction was poured the arrows of the avengers into the bodies of the sleepers, and many of them never awoke to consciousness. A stubborn resistance, however, was made by the Utes, and the battle lasted the whole day through. The latter, as a measure of safety, placed all the squaws and papposes in the camp in the canoes belonging to the tribe, and directed them to proceed to the center of the lake to await the issue of the fight. As the day wore on, however, the sky became overcast, a furious storm arose, and one by one the frail bark were wrecked until out of the whole number of frightened women and children not a soul remained. The Utes received a terrible punishment, for out of the six score of warriors composing the band but few escaped to tell the tale to the other bands of the distant West. The victors, flushed with their victory, returned to their beloved plains and were never afterward troubled by these dreaded enemies.

Since the day of the battle the place has ever been regarded by the Indians as haunted by the spirits of those who perished there, the sighing of the wind as it moans through the tall pines around the lake being, in the superstitious minds of these sons of the forest, the cries of and shrieks of the women and children drowned on that fateful day. Recent events would seem to lend some color to the Indian theory that an uncanny spell hovers over the place, and Grand Lake, with all its natural beauties of mountain and lake, will ever carry with its mention the memory of fiendish deeds and scenes of carnage, which will repel for a long time any idea of a rapid settlement of the country.

Indian Honesty.

Helen Hunt relates the following in the *Century*, of the remnant of the Mission Indians of San Pasqual, in California: "During the afternoon the Indians were continually coming and going at the shop connected with the inn where we had stopped, some four miles from the valley. The keeper of the shop and inn said he always trusted them. They were 'good pay.' 'Give them their time and they'll always pay, and if they die their relations will pay the last cent.' Some of them he would 'trust any time as high as twenty dollars.'"

Statistics show that the growth of timber in Kansas is yearly increasing beyond the consumption.

FASHION NOTES.

The fever for white hats continues. Buttons imitating buckles are in use.

Gray is the favored color for riding habits.

White plumes and tips are in constant demand.

Plaited lace in all widths is used in great abundance.

Leafless roses are extravagantly used as bonnet garniture.

Flower epaulettes vie with ribbon bows for the shoulder.

Very handsome French jet is again in favor for rich costumes.

Large sailor hats are considered in keeping with blouse waists.

Short pelerines with long tab-like ends in front are much worn.

Low shoes, tied across the instep, are worn with black stockings.

Overdresses of Persian material are in good taste and much admired.

Embroidered gauze is employed for trimming handsome morning and mountain hats.

Most of the white dresses for morning wear are made with baby waists and sash backs.

White moire trimmed with bands of white shirred tulle is popular for ball dresses for young ladies.

Russian-gray dresses of cheviot trimmed with narrow crimson velvet ribbon are fashionable for wearing to the races.

Rough-and-ready straws, trimmed with straw flowers and braid, are the most substantial hats for children for school wear.

Little gypsy hats of dark blue or deep yellow straw, trimmed with a cluster of wild flowers, are very pretty for morning wear.

Swallows are fashion's favorites in Paris. They adorn bonnets by twos and threes; they are embroidered on dresses and parasols, painted on ornaments and stamped on buttons.

Flower neckties or dog-collars of small roses, apple blossoms, forget-me-nots, pansies or daisies make a pretty and tasteful heading for a deep lace frill or collar, but they are suitable only for evening wear.

The traveling cloak for young ladies' summer journeys is a cheviot Newmarket, closely fitted from neck to foot, with checks of mingled ecru, garnet, brown and olive. There is a pointed hood with garnet silk lining.

India mull is the bride's dress of this season. The trains are made to fall in a Watteau plait from the shoulders, and the veil is of tulle, the wreath and garnitures of orange blossoms, buds and much green foliage.

Clusters of three-jet beads, strung together like a three-leaved clover, make a pretty finish to the edges of the basque, neck and sleeves of the black silk or grenadine dresses. Dull jet beads are used in the same way on black nun's veiling dresses for ladies in mourning.

A tucker of plain white lawn shirred across, with two soft puffs around the neck, fills the pointed or square openings of dress waists; two puffs also edge the sleeves. If embroidery is preferred it is flat inside the open space, and there are two standing frills around the neck.

The World's Gold and Silver.

The subjoined statement will exhibit the production of the precious metals throughout the world in 1882, carefully compiled from the most authentic sources:

AMERICA.			
Countries.	Gold.	Silver.	Total.
Alaska.....	1,000,000	100,000	1,100,000
British Col.....	3,000,000	1,000,000	4,000,000
United States.....	22,400,000	44,800,000	67,200,000
Mexico.....	600,000	24,000,000	24,600,000
Guatemala.....	600,000	400,000	1,000,000
Colombia.....	300,000	150,000	450,000
San Salvador.....	300,000	300,000	600,000
Nicaragua.....	300,000	175,000	475,000
Costa Rica.....	150,000	100,000	250,000
Venezuela.....	800,000	300,000	1,100,000
Guiana.....	250,000	125,000	375,000
Bolivia.....	350,000	450,000	800,000
Peru.....	100,000	8,000,000	8,100,000
Chile.....	600,000	750,000	1,350,000
Argentina Rep.....	500,000	400,000	900,000
Patagonia.....	100,000	30,000	130,000
Other countries.....	100,000	50,000	150,000
Totals.....	33,000,000	82,500,000	115,500,000

EUROPE.			
Countries.	Gold.	Silver.	Total.
Russia.....	350,000	500,000	850,000
Austria.....	1,000,000	275,000	1,275,000
France.....	1,000,000	400,000	1,400,000
Spain.....	225,000	2,000,000	2,225,000
Other countries.....	100,000	400,000	500,000
Totals.....	3,675,000	3,575,000	7,250,000

ASIA.			
Countries.	Gold.	Silver.	Total.
Japan.....	500,000	25,000,000	25,500,000
Borneo.....	800,000	32,000,000	32,800,000
China.....	700,000	1,750,000	2,450,000
Archipelago.....	900,000	3,000,000	3,900,000
Totals.....	2,900,000	65,000,000	67,900,000

AFRICA.			
Countries.	Gold.	Silver.	Total.
Australia.....	350,000	325,000	675,000
New Zealand.....	500,000	575,000	1,075,000
Africa.....	2,000,000	5,000,000	7,000,000
Oceania.....	1,000,000	450,000	1,450,000
Grand totals.....	41,575,000	154,000,000	195,575,000

The annual product of the precious metals attained its acme in 1853, since which date the annual product of gold has decreased one-half, while that of silver has doubled.

The Annamese Court of Appeals.

The law courts of Annam seem to be as numerous and complicated as those of the most civilized community; but, if a plaintiff fails to obtain redress in any of them, having tried them all in due order, there remains for him the following simple expedient: He proceeds to the court of appeal, or Tain Phap—a building lying close to the outer walls—where he finds hanging to a floor a gong with its stick attached. On this he strikes three heavy blows and then a number of softer ones, whereupon an attendant appears, and says, with a magisterial tone of voice, "What do you ask for?" "Justice," replies the plaintiff, handing in his petition. "You shall have it," is the response, and we are assured that the Tain Phap is generally as good as the word of its representative.—*London Times.*

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Salt was first made at Syracuse by white men in the year 1788, when the annual product was 100 barrels; in 1880 it was 1,600,000 barrels.

Prince Leopold, of Bavaria, who has done some hard work in the domain of comparative anatomy, is about to publish a memoir on the tongue, which will command attention.

On the railroads of England and Wales there were in 1881 about 2,263 inhabitants for every locomotive, as against 2,607 in 1871, and there were 1,017 inhabitants for every passenger car, as compared with 1,232 in 1861.

Drs. Mitchell and Reichert find that the full-grown lizard will bite and cause a wound that may prove fatal. Unlike that of other reptiles, its saliva is alkaline, not acid. A little injected into a pig's nose caused the death of the bird (which was long, fat and plump) in less than nine minutes.

Writing from British Columbia to *Forest and Stream*, J. C. Hughes says: "Pigs upon the clear-water rivers learn to dive after the salmon lying dead on the bottom of the streams, and the interesting sight may be witnessed of a sow diving for a salmon, and, having obtained it, taking it ashore for her little ones."

Jute culture promises to become one of the most important industries of the South. In a special report prepared by Professor S. Waterhouse, and published by the department of agriculture at Washington, it is stated that in 1870 imports of jute amounted to 19,000,000 pounds. It is estimated that jute bolls can be produced for three cents per pound, and the finer fiber for eight cents.

It appears from statistics that there are in the world no less than 3,985 paper mills, producing yearly 959,000 tons of paper made from all substances, including rags, straw and alfalfa. About one-half the quantity is printed upon; and of these 476,000 tons, about 300,000 tons are used by newspapers. The various governments consume in official business 100,000 tons; schools, 90,000 tons; commerce, 120,000 tons; industry, 90,000 tons; and private correspondence another 90,000 tons. The paper trade employs 192,000 hands, including women and children.

Witchcraft in England.

A correspondent of the *London Times* says: There is no need to go to West Prussia for witchcraft toward the end of the nineteenth century. In a parish near where the counties of Devon, Dorset and Somerset meet, a young man, being afflicted with scrofula, which caused at times contraction of the muscles of the right thigh and very considerable pain, formed the idea that a poor, delicate woman living next door, wife of a laborer and mother of several children, had bewitched him, and one day, in his agony, rushed into her house with a large sawing needle and, before the woman had time to think, scratched her severely in the neck and in four places on her bare arm, drawing blood in each instance, and then rubbed his hand on the blood and ran off. The poor woman came to me to complain, showing the scratches; and I advised her to take out a summons before the justices; but time passed. The young man, as usual, felt relieved of his pains for a time, and his mother, a widow occupying a few acres of land with cows and pigs, tried to assure me that drawing the blood cured her son, for she considered the other woman had "overlooked" him. This happened some months ago, and I need hardly add that the young man has been several times since periodically similarly afflicted.

Hot Weather Hints.

The best use to put the day of rest is by taking a rest, and giving one to other people.

It is well to remember that clothes were not invented until some time after bodies were manufactured; they were intended for comfort, not to add to human misery; and the worst-looking dress is that which appears to make the wearer thereof uncomfortable.

Instead of driving and tearing about in the heat, and getting crushed to jelly in a crowd of people making each other miserable, better find a cool spot and stick to it.

Shun liquid abominations, from lemonade at a cent a glass to fusil oil and Jersey lightning; the best is none too good for anybody.

Keep out of the streets as much as possible; it is all they are fit for.

Better swim in an ocean of water than put yourself outside a gallon of beer or anything else; water has remarkable ablutatory properties, and there is health and fun, as well as fishes, in it.

Moderation is an excellent tonic, provided one does not take too much of it.

Religion is like ice in midsummer; it keeps things wonderfully; it makes one comfortable, and keeps one cool when other things fail; it is well to replenish the stock once a week at least.—*New York Star.*

A Relief.

The widow of a distinguished professor was visited by a rather shabby-genteel sort of a gentleman, who expressed great admiration for her deceased husband, and who finally said: "I revere the memory of your husband, and would like very much to have some relic to keep and cherish." "The only relic I can offer you," replied the disconsolate widow, sighing heavily, "is myself. If you will love and cherish me for his sake, you may."

But the relic hunter had silently stolen away before she could finish the sentence.

A million bricks a week are made in Albany.

THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

The Philosophy of Manuring.

M. Landreau, says a foreign authority, describes the results of the action of those farmers in the north of France who return to the soil all that remains after separating the sugar from the beet. Pure sugar, being composed of only carbon and the elements of water, is obtained by the plant entirely at the expense of the atmosphere, from the carbonic acid and water which it supplies. Therefore land may be cropped for sugar for an indefinite length of time without exhaustion, provided everything else but the sugar is returned to it. The beet plant, as a whole, exhausts the soil upon which it grows, as does the sugar-cane, taking away certain mineral compounds that must somehow be returned, in order that it shall retain its undiminished fitness for this particular crop. This is so simple and self-evident that it scarcely appears possible that it need be taught to those who are interested in the subject. Nevertheless the want of a knowledge of this simple principle has nearly ruined some of the West Indian sugar plantations. The old practice was to use the canes as fuel in boiling down the syrup, and the ashes of these canes—i. e., the purely mineral matters which they had obtained from the soil—were left to be washed away by the rains, when, by simply spreading them on the soil, they would have supplied, in the most concentrated possible form, just the manure which the soil demanded for the particular business of sugar growing. But we need not go so far as the West Indies to discover manifestations of this particular form of ignorance. In an ordinary garden, especially an amateur or ornamental garden, the amount of crop actually taken away for use forms a very small fraction of the total weight of the vegetable matter growing on the ground. Such a garden, once fairly started, demands no more than a restitution of the mineral matter contained in the crop consumed, provided all the weeds and all the unused stalks and leaves are honestly returned to the soil from which they were taken. I have had more than twenty years' experience in amateur gardening—mainly utilitarian—have moved about a good deal and thus have cultivated many different gardens. All have been remarkable for their abundant crops, though I have never purchased a single load of manure, while my neighbors have carted in ton after ton and obtained smaller edible crops than mine. I do not even waste the ammonia and agricultural fuel of my weeds by burning them, but bury them whole and with them the pea stalks, bean stalks, cabbage stalks, etc., etc. Thus buried they undergo during the winter slow combustion, warm the soil and supply it with humus, at the same time giving up their ammoniacal salts to this humus and to the absorbent alumina of the clay, which supply it in the summer to the succeeding crops. These weeds, etc., with the addition of the vegetable refuse of a small household and the well burned coal ashes—i. e., the mineral matter of fossil vegetation—I have found sufficient to maintain and increase the fertility of a kitchen garden and orchard covering more than an acre. At the same time I see the gardeners employed by neighbors wheeling away barrow loads of weeds to pitch them on waste ground, if any is at hand, and the dustman carrying away cartloads of vegetable treasures. Then, on the day following, or thereabouts, cartloads of expensive and offensive manure are brought to the same doors from which far better material was thrown away the day before. Stable manure and cattle stall manure are especially valuable for farm land, simply because they carry back to the hay field and the oat field precisely that which has been taken away. But the salts removed by garden weeds differ materially from those contained in hay and straw litter or oats and horse beans, and thus the unscientific gardener who uses these requires at least half a ton to be as effective as one hundred weight of the decayed produce of the garden itself.

Farm and Garden Notes.

Buttermilk, with a little meal added, is excellent for fattening pigs. For calves it should be mixed with oatmeal. It should not, however, be given to very young calves.

For the same weight of dry food sheep will produce nearly twice as much manure as pigs. The greater consumption of food by the pig counterbalances its lower rate of manure production.

Mulch your newly planted fruit trees. It keeps down weeds, and by holding the moisture will prevent injury from drought. Straw, of course, makes the best mulch. Coarse hay, leaves and sawdust are all good.

The fat on a cow known to be a large and rich milker will most likely into the cream pot during the season. It is never safe to buy a milk cow in poor condition, as she will require heavy feeding, or make poor thin milk.

Cut grass when in bloom, and it will make more nutritive hay than if cut later. The amount of water has diminished, and therefore shrinkage will be less. In late-cut hay the increased fiber makes it more indigestible.

As soon as onions show signs of maggot work, pull the affected ones by the roots, and carry them from the field. Children can do this work, and many onions can thus be saved, as no worm can destroy more than a single onion.

Cut grass or clover for the hogs that are confined. Parsley, a very succulent weed, is greedily devoured by them. Green food keeps them healthy and makes them fatten faster. A diet solely of corn is too heating and predisposes them to disease.

Professor E. W. Stewart, in his recent

useful book, celebrates the cow as "the most remarkable producer among animals." She gives at her best nearly seven times her own weight per annum in milk, of food value twice as great as the beef creature of equal size gains during the same time.

When cows take a fancy to eat wood, lick earth or chew bones it is an indication that they are suffering from indigestion. Give each cow a pint of linseed oil or a pound of melted lard, and after that bran slop for a few days, and they will probably leave off eating wood or other rubbish.

Young poultry should not be plucked too soon after killing. If feathers are pulled out while the blood is still fluid the vesicles at the root of each feather become engorged and the skin spotted. Don't feed before killing; the carcass of a chicken killed while digestion is going on will keep but a short time.

The *London Agricultural Gazette* thinks that ensilage is not only the saving from destruction of what would otherwise be wasted for want of sunshine, but also it is the result of converting, by judiciously controlled fermentation, coarse provender into appetizing, wholesome and productive food.

As soon as the early crop of potatoes has been harvested you may plant sunflowers. Put the seeds in twelve inches apart each way, and when they are a foot high earth them up, and they will need no future care. If you keep bees the blossoms will be very valuable, while the seeds are excellent for poultry, and are in demand for making toilet soap.

If properly constructed the hand wheel-hoe is, the Massachusetts *Plowman* thinks, one of the most important implements for a small farm. In garden or field more ground can be gone over with it in one hour than in six with a common hoe, and the work can be done much better if the weeds are small, as they always should be.

A poultryer in England says that when corn rose to a high price he left off feeding it to his hens and took barley. At this time they were laying largely and doing well, but as soon as put on the barley their eggs rapidly decreased in numbers, and after a short time the hens ceased laying entirely. He then commenced again to feed corn, soon after which the hens began laying again.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* states that the easiest and best remedy for gapes in chickens is caustic lime, either air or water-slaked. It should be dry and powdered. Take the chicken in the left hand and open the mouth, keeping it upright, and then drop a pinch of the dry lime into it. Hold in this position a few seconds until it is obliged to breathe, when it will inhale some of the lime; then let it go. One application of the lime in this manner has cured, in my experience, every case of gapes, some of them in the last stages. After trying a number of remedies, I find this the best of all, as it is simple and sure, and does not injure the chicken. The lime kills the worms.

Recipes.

BAKED BEANS.—Soak one quart of beans over night; set on stove in the morning and let come to a boil; then take water off and rinse the beans; put in piece of soda size of a bean; two table-spoonfuls molasses; piece of good salt pork in middle. Bake all day if possible, and keep filled with water.

SHIRRED EGGS.—Butter a dish and break into it a number of eggs, taking care that they do not encroach upon each other enough to break the yolks. Sprinkle pepper and salt over them, put a small piece of butter upon each, and add a table-spoonful of cream for each egg. Bake in a hot oven until the whites are set.

GREEN PEA SOUP.—Boil one pint of green peas in water with salt, a slice of onion, a sprig of parsley and a few leaves of mint. When cooked drain off the water and pass the peas through a hair sieve. Dilute the puree to the proper consistency with some good stock, perfectly free from fat. At the time of serving make it quite hot, put a piece of fresh butter the size of a walnut into it and serve with small dice of bread fried in butter; add a few drops of spinach greening if the color is not bright enough.

BISCUITS.—One cup of rising from the top of the rising for bread; one cup of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, two eggs, and not quite a quarter teaspoonful of soda; put the soda in milk; mix and add in manner to suit enough flour to make stiff as bread. Let rise until almost light as bread, then put a cup of butter in and mix like bread; let rise again, then make into biscuits, and let them rise in pans. After baking take a table-spoonful of water and thicken with sugar; take a cloth and rub this over the top to keep moist.

CUCUMBER PRESERVES.—Gather young cucumbers a little longer than your middle finger, and lay in strong brine one week; wash them and soak them one day and night in clean water, changing this four times; line a bell-metal kettle with vine-leaves, and lay in the cucumbers with a little alum scattered among them; fill up with clear water; cover with vine leaves, then with a close lid, and green as for pickles. Do not boil them. When well greened drop in ice-water; when perfectly cold wipe, and with a small knife slit down one side; dig out the seeds; stuff with a mixture of chopped citron and seedless raisins; sew up the incision with a fine thread; weigh them, and make a syrup, allowing a pound of sugar for every pound of cucumbers, with a pint of water; heat to a lively boil, skim, and drop in the cucumbers; simmer half an hour; take out; spread upon a dish in the sun, while you boil down the syrup with a few slices of ginger root added; when thick put in the cucumbers again; simmer five minutes and put into glass jars, tying them up when cold.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

The railways now constructed and being operated cover a distance which would reach eight times around the earth.

It is asserted that the largest ivory factory in the world is at Centerbrook, Conn., where sometimes \$125,000 of ivory is bleaching.

An Englishman bequeathed his two daughters their weight in one-pound bank notes. One of the girls received \$54,200 and the other \$59,344.

In the old days English farmers were so slovenly in their methods as to allow the thistles to grow in the wheat in such numbers that the reapers were compelled to wear gloves. The thistles were collected by themselves and were fed to the cattle.

An experiment was lately made at Paris to determine the power of a crocodile's jaw. The animal was fixed on a table with its upper jaw connected with a dynamometer. An electric shock caused him to give a sudden snap, and 308 pounds were marked on the instrument. It was calculated that the contractile force of the muscle causing the movement was 1,540.

Among the formalities connected with cutting the hair is the attention paid to the time. Sir Thomas Browne, in his "Vulgar Errors," alluding to this superstitious fancy, remarks: "The set and statutory times of paring nails and cutting hair is thought by many a consideration which is perhaps but the continuance of an ancient superstition." Thus Friday is considered by many an unlucky day for cutting the hair, and Sunday for shaving the beard; hence the following couplet:

Friday cut and Sunday shorn,
Better ne'er have been born.

The Swedes and Norwegians "swaddle" their babes; that is, pin them up in a tight bandage, because it keeps them from kicking around and makes them easier to handle. They always take them to church, but instead of taking them into the house of worship, they make a hole in the snow outside in the church-yard and bury them in it, leaving a small aperture for breathing purposes. The babies are kept splendidly warm, while their friends within the sacred building have their beards frozen to their fur coats by the freezing of their own breath.

Louise Michel.

A Paris correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* thus describes Louise Michel, the noted female socialist, as she appeared in court during the trial which ended in her conviction and sentence to imprisonment:

The woman in front of me was a study. Dress her in a man's clothes and she might pass anywhere as a man. Tall, strong, fearless-looking—a woman of fifty odd. Eyes that quite contradict the mouth—eyes a quiet, gray, gentle, smiling, almost pathetic mouth large, irregular, obtrusive, carried by an inflexible jaw that a clumsy blacksmith might have put in recently. Black hair, streaked with gray, combed severely back, every feminine ripple relentlessly subdued, cut short behind and falling square upon her shoulders. She is dressed in plainest black serge, with a little knot of it at her throat, but no bow or ribbon anywhere. She looks serious even when she smiles. She sits between two young men who share with her the attention of the audience—commonplace-looking fellows who might pass for her sons if they seemed more earnest. These are her "fellow-conspirators," who marched at her side, Pouget and Mareuil. When she sits they sit, when she stands they stand beside her.

This is the woman who, being arraigned for trial, and being offered a lawyer, said, scornfully: "No! I will have none of your hireling lawyers. I will plead my own case. I know it better than they do; besides which, judges, you have not summoned me here to do me justice, but to sacrifice me." So she has defended herself in the trial.

Poison in Flour.

A mysterious illness has been disturbing a small community in France. One member after another sank, while presenting the usual appearance of lead-poisoning, without any apparent cause. The doctors who were called in could not make much of the symptoms; except that they seemed to proceed from some food which had been taken. By a process of inductive reasoning and by exhausting the causes which were found out to have operated upon all the sufferers, suspicion at last fell upon the bread. An examination was accordingly held at the bakers' premises, but they, having been found blameless, the liquors next proceeded to attack the miller, and here, at last, a diligent inquiry brought to light the cause of all the mischief. Finding that his millstones had cracked in some places, and that the purchase of new stones would be somewhat costly, the miller had adopted the plan of filling up the chinks with melted lead. The lead had in the course of grinding naturally got mixed with the flour, and had so found its way at last into the loaves distributed to the population. The tale is interesting as showing the pertinacity of particles of lead in clinging to any substance with which they may get mixed. It is still more noteworthy than the case of lead poisoning which occurred in Paris not long ago, when it was found that a baker had warmed his oven with old wooden boards that had been painted with white lead, and that the residue of the lead lying in the oven had penetrated into the crusts of the loaves.—*Continental Gazette.*

Bonanza King Mackay has bought the entire picture gallery of Leigh Court, Somerset, for \$550,000.

A RIVAL TO THE ALPS

MR. EDMUNDS' TRIP TO A WASHINGTON TERRITORY GLACIER.

Scenery Far Grander Than Any in Switzerland—A Majestic Mass of Ice Overlooking Stupendous Canyons.

United States Senator Edmunds, during his trip to Washington Territory, visited the glaciers existing on Mount Tacoma. To a correspondent of the *Oregonian*, Senator Edmunds said in reference to these glaciers:

I absolutely never believed there was anything in America comparable in grandeur to the scenery I have seen on my necessarily brief visit to Mount Tacoma. The access, thanks to the well-cut trails made by the engineer of the Northern Pacific railroad, is easy, and, as I learn from Mr. Oakes, will be made as easy as a carriage-road or nearly so within a month from now. To express half of my admiration for the transcendent grandeur of every part of the scenery, and especially of the glacier, would be impossible. A more perfect glacier, in all the features found in such phenomena, it would be impossible to find. Certainly no Alpine glacier excels it in perfection, and yet, as I was given to understand, it is the least in point of size of all that have been discovered on this mountain. I cannot help saying that I am thoroughly convinced that no resort in the United States will be so much sought after as this when once people come to know that what men cross the Atlantic to see can be seen in equal splendor, if not surpassed, at home.

I hear doubts expressed as to whether Mount Tacoma can be ascended, but a steady head, a sure foot, a reliable alpenstock, and a little determination could probably accomplish what is, of course, a very daring feat. New Tacoma has a fortune in the fact that it is the best point from which to start to this the grandest of all American mountains, and I learn from Mr. Oakes that guides and all conveniences will be afforded to tourists desirous of visiting this magnificent scene. If Switzerland is rightly called the playground of Europe, I am satisfied that around the base of Mount Tacoma will become a prominent place of resort, not for Americans only, but for the world beside.

I need not deal with the particulars of our journey, as you can get them minutely logged by my young friend, Lieutenant Arthur. Let me only add this much in this regard, that nothing could be, to me at least, more enjoyable than the gradual approach to the inner circle of the court where the monarch of our northern mountains reigns supreme. The emotions stirred in one's breast—at least they were in mine—completely defy all the powers of language to express. When we reached the foot of the glacier, foot-sore and weary as we were, I could not help pausing in breathless silence as we reviewed this majestic mass of ice, imbedded in the bosom of this gigantic monarch among the Alps. If it was not the grandest of the group, as we were informed by Mr. Willis, who was one of our party, it was enough magnificence for us. The stupendous sides of the canon in which the glaciers lay formed a setting perfect in its harmony of contrast, if the term be admissible to the pagodas and pinnacles of the secluded mass of ice.

I have been through the Swiss mountains, and I am compelled to own that, incredible as the assertion may appear, there is absolutely no comparison between the finest effects that are exhibited there and what is seen in approaching this grand isolated mountain. I would be willing to go 500 miles again to see that scene. This continent is yet in ignorance of the existence

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VACATION SCRIBBLINGS.

BY THE EDITOR.

A friend of mine having business at Morris Plains and inviting me to go with him, I have had the pleasure of a ride through the beautiful and picturesque country lying between Caldwell and Morristown. It is splendid farming land the whole way, the valleys liberally supplied with streams (we counted seven bridges in going twelve miles) while the uplands and hillsides were in many places covered with growths of heavy wood and timber. I have rarely traveled through a more pleasantly diversified country of hill and dale than I have found in Morris and Essex Counties during this brief vacation trip. My friend's objective point was the famous State Asylum for the Insane, at Morristown, the erection of which was commenced about ten years ago. The buildings stand upon a broad plateau, about two miles from the city of Morristown, and the view from this elevation in any direction is inspiring. Approached from the depot at Morris Plains, the buildings burst upon the vision, presenting a grand and imposing appearance. The buildings are of granite, with sandstone trimmings, three stories high, with numerous cupolas and towers, and as they are nearly one mile in circumference, one may well speak of them as grand. From the report handed me by the superintendent, Dr. H. A. Batolph, LL. D., to whom I had a note of introduction from Hon. Geo. A. Halsey, of Newark, I learn the asylum sheltered during the last year 810 inmates. This also gives a good idea of its size. A walk through the various wards revealed the most perfect arrangements for the care of patients, and elegances and conveniences I had not thought of finding in such a place. The amusement room, with its fixed stage, drop curtain, foot lights, etc., was perfect in all its details, and the chapel which adjoins it (both being on the third story) was a marvel of convenience and good taste. The organ, in rear of pulpit platform, was of good capacity, and everything about the room was suggestive of devotional exercises. In each ward through which I passed there were reception rooms, with piano, etc., and a billiard table on each floor was one of the many forms of amusement arranged for the patients. I spent two hours at the asylum, enjoyed its hospitality, and went away with the firm conviction that New Jersey has occasion to be proud of her Insane Asylum, and reason for the claim that its equal does not exist in this country. I would gratefully acknowledge the courtesies of Edwin E. Smith, M. D., the assistant physician, and Miss Mary Tabor, the matron.

The unpicturesque old rain known as Washington Market, located between Vesey and Fulton streets in one direction and Greenwich and West on the other, is once more condemned, and one must visit it quickly who wishes to know how disgracefully shabby a building New York as a city has been able to tolerate. It comprises a world of temporary sheds, thrown together, without order, around one common centre which has a somewhat pretentious tower, and yet for years it has been one of the world's principal markets for fresh meats.—New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, and a hundred smaller cities and towns having drawn their supplies from it,—and its rent roll is enormous; yet all the while it has been merely an immense shed, so badly arranged that any one but a topographical engineer who carried his instruments with him, could lose himself within two minutes after entering any door or gate. The rebuilding will be done by sections, somewhat after the manner in which Fulton Market was reconstructed, and the interior arrangements of the new structure, no matter what they may be, cannot help being more convenient to the dealers and less annoying to the public than were those of the old building. If any one but the rats is sorry for the change he has not yet been heard from.

Every paper in this section has had something to say about Tewksbury and the investigating committee's report. Most of them have taken the allegations of the Governor in his address to the committee or his inaugural, and,

accepting them as facts proved, go on to defame the Old Bay State. A refreshing exception is the following paragraph from the leading article in Monday's Newark Advertiser, entitled "Tewksbury Politics."

"Now that the final reports have been made by the Committee to the Massachusetts Legislature on the condition of the Tewksbury Asylum and its management, we find that Governor Butler has managed his case badly, such as it was. Any man who can call himself fairly an observant publicist knows that most of these essayed reforms of public institutions are not best done as political measures and in the end have no effect upon popular political action. It is only a fool who charges a brutality in a public institution to partisan sources, or sees where he can make any reward for himself except through the satisfaction of having remedied the evil. Every Governor has a chance to do that during every year, for there is no house, however well defended, but has its daily fault, constantly recurring and of course constantly open to criticism. But it is a fact that we read every day of brutalities outside of asylums which, taking the same population, give the largest number of cases of man's inhumanity to man."

The prospect of the approaching peach trade is now beginning to attract attention. One of the largest New York dealers who has just returned from the peach growing districts of Delaware and Maryland estimates that the crop will be about two-thirds in quantity of last year's crop, but that the quality will be almost twenty-five per cent. better, unless warm rains during the peaching season should rot the fruit.

My first sight seeing, on coming to New York, was the famous bridge joining the cities of New York and Brooklyn, and when I slowly strolled through its arches and along the easy walk, I thought it would be the first subject for my pen when a disposition to write came over me; but really words would not come to me that conveyed an idea of the grandeur of the structure, whether viewed from either of its shapely approaches, or taken in perspective from the broad sweep of the bay or East River, so almost every thing else has been written about, save this. Through a long series of years I have watched its growth or development, my occasional visits to New York enabling me to keep an intelligent connection with the earlier inspections of the structure and its completion, and few people have a higher appreciation of its beauty as a whole, or of its commercial value, or rejoice more heartily at its completion. Calling at the office of Geo. P. Rowell & Co., the most successful advertising agents of this country, on the morning of my walk across the bridge, I had the pleasure of meeting the senior partner, but recently returned from another extended European tour, and was pleased to hear him name the bridge as one of the wonders of the world, far eclipsing in beauty and grandeur anything he had seen in his travels in the old world. It is not my purpose to speak of the details of this triumph of modern engineering skill,—these are the materials for encyclopædias rather than editorial scratches,—but to speak enthusiastically in its praise and to pay a tribute to the enterprise which first planned, and the energy which awakened enthusiasm in the people of two cities, and congratulate the patient endurance which no hindrances could tire, that has achieved the most complete successes.

I have viewed the bridge from a variety of angles, and the graceful sweep of its gigantic cables and the counterpoise of the roadway preserve the perfection of graceful curves at every point of vision. But it is at night when the long rows of electric lights shine out against a darkened sky, that the fullness of its beauty stands revealed, so that it is instinctively crowned as a grand triumph of human skill and readily accorded a place as one of the wonders of the world. It hangs lightly over the river like a great web spread to catch the riches of a world, and as men are seen daily along the slopes of the guys, fastening them together with binding wires and covering them with a coat of paint, the illusion seems almost a reality, and that busy insects were still active in spinning a gigantic web in mid heavens. I hope my figure will never be reversed and the great bridge again prove a trap to catch men and kill them.

Although thrown open to the public on Memorial Day, (a sad opening it proved to many) and since that time used by foot passengers and conveyances, the details are not all completed, and the cars are not yet in running order. They are to be run by an endless cable from an engine stationed at the Brooklyn terminus, and large gangs of workmen are employed hastening this work to completion. The N. Y. terminus is all finished, but on the opposite side much in the way of bridges, landings, etc., for passengers by cars, remains to be done. There is a certain degree of uncertainty in regard to these matters on the Brooklyn side, owing to the conflicting interests of merchants and others in the city of churches.

Col. Roebling, son of the original engineer of the bridge, who took the

first place on the board of engineers, on the death of his father, a few years ago, lost his health in prosecuting the work of construction, and for a long time has been a confirmed invalid, confined to the house, only able to view and direct the work of construction from the windows of his sick room. Now that the bridge is completed, Col. Roebling retires from the position of chief engineer. Into his retirement he carries with him renewed expressions of admiration, not merely for the skill of which the bridge itself is the sufficient witness, but for the extraordinary zeal and persistence with which he has directed the work from his sick room, and for the integrity which has marked its progress. The rumors of jobbery which prevailed during the work of construction were most painful, and the emphatic contradiction which Mr. Hewitt, on his personal responsibility, gave them at the dedication ceremonies was most grateful, because it was evident that they imputed connivance in the jobbery of politicians to the chief engineer, without whose collusion fraud, on any considerable scale, was out of the question. Col. Roebling retires with his honor unstained and with his genius fully appreciated.

As was the case of the great bridge, so with New York's most popular summer resort,—it has taken me a long time to think what to write, and I hardly know now what to select from the great mass of recollections of evenings spent there. Coney Island seems to me like the city's great breathing apparatus, and thoroughly used if not perfectly healthy lungs it certainly is. Scores have described the attractions and novelties to me; one newspaper correspondent after another has written of its peculiarities and expatiated on its value as a health restoring place; the art of the sketcher and wood engraver have contributed of their skill to portray what it offers,—and yet I am frank to say I had no appreciation of either the extent or variety of its attractions. Extending miles along the beach of the island are pavilions, cafes, hotels, theatres, dance halls and shows of every kind, while stretching far out into the ocean are the famous iron and wooden piers at which the steamboats land. This is specially true at what is called West Brighton (the original "Coney Island Hotels" are located here), where the great masses congregate and surge on Sundays and holidays, and the fun often runs fast and furious, thanks to the ocean of beer which here flows like a torrent. The most marked feature of this locality is the tower, 300 feet high, lighted at night with strong electric lights, from which a magnificent view is obtained of the country and old ocean for 50 miles around.

A nicker will carry the tourist in either hack or barge to the "Brighton," the next point of interest, at the terminus of the Brighton Beach R. R., by which Brooklynites reach the resort in twenty minutes. Stretching hundreds of feet along the shore, a considerable distance from the beach, rising three stories high, surmounted with numerous high towers, and surrounded with the widest of broad verandas, this enormous caravansary affords shelter and amusement to other thousands of pleasure seekers who enjoy best the restful quiet it affords. Directly in front are seats for the many thousands gathering afternoons and evenings to listen to the music by the band. The band stand is shaped like the bell of some vast wind instrument, so that the full effect of the most delicate passages are thrown out with precision on the open air, and easily caught up by the listeners. Thousands of gas jets twinkle and shine, while the great electric lights flash out in all directions, almost rivaling the glare of the sun and making it almost light as day. To me it was a marvellous and enchanting scene, but it was also a picture that words cannot paint. Going on from here by means of the beach railroad,—fare five cents—the great Manhattan Hotel is reached, where the attractions and effects of Brighton are repeated on a still more gigantic scale. This hotel is the terminus of the "Manhattan Beach, R. R.," which, by means of reduced fares, and some other specialties, has succeeded in drawing the great mass of travel during this season. A splendid pyrotechnic display named the "Siege of Alexandria," has been the attraction at this point each evening so far, at the conclusion of the early evening concert, and fully 5000 people witness it three evenings in the week, at 25 cents each. On the alternate evenings, magnificent displays are given at the Brighton.

A mile beyond Manhattan is a magnificent pile, covering more ground and rising higher than any other building on the shore, called the "Oriental," devoted exclusively to the entertainment of families, where there is no music or other artificial means of amusement, sought by those who deem rest and seclusion the highest style of vacation pleasure. Still on comes the famed Rockaway Beach, with its surf bathing, and numberless attractions.

On our return trip from New York we made a tarry of a few hours at Fall River, it being our first opportunity to visit this only port of entry for Bristol County. Many naturally connect it with the famous "Fall River line to New York," and think of it in this connection. If, perchance, we were of that number, we know better now, for we spent our time pleasantly there, and, with the aid of carriage and street cars, looked upon a vast mass of accumulated wealth and out over a beautiful landscape. An immense pond within its borders, and its location on the Taunton river, had led to the entertaining of the idea that water power was largely used in the forty or fifty immense cotton mills located in Fall River, but steam power only is used. The Custom House and Post Office is an elegant new building of granite, the City Hall and Public Library are large and imposing, built of the same material, though of a much more ancient style, and there are many other noticeable buildings in different sections of the city which speak of large wealth if nothing else. The mills, whose spindles aggregate more than 1,500,000 are told, are mostly built of granite, and are imposing as regards size. We had time to call only at the office of the Fall River News (daily and weekly) and on the editor of the Advance, though there are several other daily and weekly papers. Both heartily desire influences to make this conservative and clannish city "advance" to a position in keeping with its wealth and population. It is a "city set on a hill" in the fullest sense, and the westward view out upon the bay is full of beauty, while the panorama opened to the vision from the eastern hills is none the less charming. We left the city with a pleasant remembrance of the time spent there which still remains with us.

Watertown's rate of taxation is \$11.25 on \$1000.

The article copied week before last from Roxbury Advocate was, by mistake, credited to the Gazette.

The long contest in the N. H. Legislature is ended with the election of Hon. Austin Pike as U. S. Senator for the coming term of six years.

Several of our exchanges name Hon. Geo. D. Robinson as the Republican candidate for Governor. We could support him cordially and heartily.

Professor Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, is busily engaged in his laboratory in Washington in electrical experiments. Professor Bell says there are already more than 500,000 telephones in use in this country.

The ending of the third week of the telegrapher's strike finds the companies doing their work fairly well with the aid of defections secured from the strikers' ranks; but the mass of the men and women remain firm and it looks now like a narrowing down to a question of endurance.

The larger portion of the "Scribbles" appearing this week were forwarded for last week's issue, but they were crowded out by better matter. They are used to fill up this week. Next week we shall expect to be in complete trim for business, fully rested from the fatigues of "vacation season."

The paper furnished our readers last week was the best possible proof of the completeness of our equipment for any emergency. As the editor-in-chief scanned its news columns during his enjoyable trip from Coney Island to Long Branch, he felt proud of "the boys" who had made such a complete success of running a newspaper.

Rev. Dr. Irenæus Prime, writing from Williamstown, where he recently met Gen. Butler, says: "Gov. Butler is very stout, corpulent; one of his eyelids droops so low as to almost hide the eye; his motions are sluggish and apparently irresolute, and with his physique it is hard to associate the energy, impetuosity, courage, audacity, and executive ability which his life displays."

The Republican State Committee is receiving congratulations on its initiatory work of organizing for the campaign of 1883. The time for the State Convention is well chosen; it leaves six weeks for the canvass after the nominations shall have been made. The last State Committee had practically settled the question as to the place of meeting, and in Boston there is certain to be a large convention, with more of the business men of the State as delegates than could be brought together elsewhere. The selection of Col. Codman for chairman will prove satisfactory to all Republicans. The purpose of this committee to leave the choice of candidates to the convention is regarded as an evidence that it will thoroughly do its appropriate work, and interfere with nothing else. The meeting was harmonious, and the reports made from different parts of the State were of an encouraging character. The initiatory steps of the campaign have been judiciously taken.

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

The meeting of the Republican State Committee, Tuesday, was fully attended by members from all parts of the State. After attending to the business for which it was called, a season was spent in discussing the outlook, and comparing notes. Excellent reports were brought from all parts of the State, and if the enthusiasm which members of the committee expressed was brought from their respective localities, the Republican party is in excellent fighting condition. The members of the committee, for the most part, bring good tidings. Republicans are wide awake and determined to rescue the Commonwealth from the further disgrace of Butlerism. Party men, who have not taken an active part in campaign work for several years, now express an earnestness to enter the contest, and "take off their coats." The members of the committee expressed a determination to attend to the party organization in their respective localities. As a matter of fact, all the work of organization, preliminary to the campaign, has been attended to. Not only do the members of the committee promise a full Republican vote, but they report that quite a number of Republicans who voted for Governor Butler last fall will vote the Republican ticket this year. So far as we have been able to learn, a large amount of work has already been done, and that all the preliminaries of the campaign are being carefully attended to.—*Journal.*

Ocean tricycling is the latest discovery of the enterprising wheelman. One such evolved the idea of a floating tricycle, and found that it worked to a charm. He crossed the English channel on such a contrivance, and made the journey from Dover to Calais in eight hours. But he does not state whether or not he was seasick. If this enterprising wheelman has discovered a means by which the briny deep can be sailed, or tricycled, without a complete loss of interest, for the time being, in this world or the next, he deserves to have his name, which is Mr. Terry, handed down to posterity along with those of Columbus, Shakespeare and George Washington.—*Globe.*

W. H. Babb, of our village, and a Mr. Woods, of Arlington, have been awarded the contract to make an attempt to purify the sewerage before it enters Mystic lower pond, and the Boston water board have made an appropriation for the erection of a building for their use.—*Medford Mercury.*

Some men are mean enough to make it a regular habit of "borrowing" a fellow-workman's paper, generally forgetting to return it. It isn't honorable to do so. If you want to read a paper regularly, why not subscribe? How does a paper live if it is not by being sustained by the community?—*Wakefield Citizen and Banner.*

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A new kind of strike is in progress at Cape Town. Displeased by the action of the taxing master, the lawyers refuse to conduct cases in court. Naturally enough clients stand aghast. Nothing like this has ever before been heard of. Can any provocation be imagined that would lead the legal profession in this country to go on a strike?

Marriages.

In Arlington, July 29, by Rev. E. B. Mason, D. D., Mr. C. W. Bunker and Mrs. Elizabeth E. Swan.

Deaths.

In Arlington, July 31, Mrs. Ann Glennan, aged 50 years.

Special Notice.

To the Inhabitants of the Town of Arlington.

You are hereby invited to appear at the Arlington depot, Wednesday, August 8th, 1883, at 8.22 a. m., sharp, armed and equipped to join the army of pioneers en route for Downer Landing, where they will engage in a STRIKE for fun and pleasure (and get it).

P. S.—People will please purchase or order all needed articles the day before.

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LET RUM ALONE.

We wish, with malice to none and with charity for all, that we were able to draw the picture of the conduct of a man who, by the open and clandestine use of liquor, has become a spectacle to the gods and an object of pity and aversion to man. And having done this, present the same to the original, and with all the sternness of the old Hebrew prophet thunder in his ear, "Sir, thou art the man." This might even fail in making him "believe and tremble,"—for who can gage the vampire grip of this awful habit, but it would convince him that there was one on earth, at least, that had the courage to show him to his face what others knew and prated about behind his back. Such a man is woefully deceived if he thinks that nobody knows what deceptions he has practiced, both on himself and others; what opportunities for usefulness he has squandered; responsibilities he has shirked; and all through indulgence in this wretched and monstrous habit. To such a man we would say, "for God's sake let rum alone, while yet there is a chance for reformation, and commence by undeceiving your self, as to the awful consequences to which its further use will lead,—if you don't." If such a man saw himself as we see him, in his degradation, he would strangle the habit as he would the life of an asp.

Dr. Johnson says: Some one writes, "If the selling of liquor is right, give it the advantages of other business pursuits and do not hamper it with the yoke of license. If it is wrong and dangerous to the state in which you live, prohibit it." That it is generally wrong all admit, save dealers. That it is always dangerous and wrong, many claim. Every form of religion condemns it. The well being of the people is the aim of the law. The law of Confucius prohibits it. One of the ten precepts of Buddha is leveled against it. The Koran contains an absolute prohibition of its use. In Turkey a drunkard is called a Christian. The traffic exists anywhere only by special authority; therefore it is evident that it has not anywhere the same rights as other business. Why is it restricted? For the same reason as the sale of arsenic, strychnine or opium. It is detrimental to the public good; it is poisoning. Intoxicate means to poison. Financially it is the greatest burden of the age. The sentiments of centuries condemn it. Anacharsis, the friend of Solon, said, "wine bringeth forth three grapes, one, pleasure; two, drunkenness; three, sorrow." Demosthenes, the Grecian orator, taught "To drink well is the property meet for a sponge, but not for a man." Seneca, grand Roman philosopher, wrote "To suppose it possible for a man to take much wine and retain a right frame of mind is as bad as to argue that he may take poison and not die, or the juice of black poppy and not sleep." St. Augustine declares wine drinking to be the "mother of all mischief; the root of all crimes; the spring of vices; the whirlwind of the brain; the overthrow of the sense; the tempest of the tongue; the ruin of the body; the wreck of chastity; a loss of time; a voluntary rage; a shameful weakness; the shame of life; the stain of honesty; the plague and corruption of the soul." Dr. J. G. Holland says, "I never drink wine nor give it to my guests. Strong drink is the curse of the country and the age. Drink has murdered my best friend, and I hate it. It burdens me with taxes, and I denounce it as a nuisance which every honest man should put his heel on." Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, the great English statesman, says, "Greater calamities are inflicted upon mankind by intemperance than by the three great historical scourges,—war, pestilence, famine." These testimonials would seem to have come from the same century, but they show the universality of this great black fountain. Edward Morris says of liquor, "It is Satan in solution." Why enforce law? In other words why should men obey law? Law is our foundation. Worcester says, "Law is a rule of civil conduct prescribed by the supreme power of a state." Who agrees to abide by it? Americans do so by birth; Irishmen and Germans do by adoption; the judge by his oath of office; the policeman by his assuming the position of authority under it; the citizen, in aim of the well being of the state, in obedience to its supreme power; that supreme power in Massachusetts authorized you to declare the traffic a nuisance. You did so declare, yet the nuisance exists, and what is its character? What does this traffic do? Dr. Holland answered, "It has murdered my friend, it snared the soul, it ruins the body." Perhaps not your son, but "some mither's bairn." True, but what have I to do about it? Am I my brother's keeper? Yes; if the law is violated, my brother man is its victim, and I can save that victim by the enforcement of the law. Why should we enforce the law restricting this traffic? 1st, because it is law; 2d, to prove that it has teeth to destroy; 3d, to disgrace the traffic by exposure; 4th, to show who it is that refuses obedience to the supreme will of the state; 5th, to prevent apathy of victims, apathy of youth, apathy of parents, apathy of voters; 7th, to prevent fostering and creating appetites; 8th, because sober, industrious, intelligent, honest men must support the crime, pauperism, and insanity it makes. Appetite will die only by cutting off the supply. The

speaker fully illustrated the power of appetite by relating a number of distressing incidents that came under his own personal knowledge, and gave a full and comprehensive account of the result of appetite. He said that the people of this commonwealth are asleep, and to prove the assertion gave a statement of the taxes of the state. The whole tax of the state was something over twenty-four millions dollars, while the liquor sales amounted to fifty millions. This has always been so, and it is so everywhere where this traffic is prosecuted. Some people claim that beer is a wholesome nourishment, but what are the facts? Six barrels of beer contains two hundred and ten gallons, retailing six thousand three hundred glasses, at five cents a glass, would yield three hundred and fifteen dollars. According to the best authorities in the land an ordinary loaf of bread contains more nourishment and can be purchased for the small sum of ten cents. In addition to the appetite statistics is a comprehensive statement compiled from official documents, of the licenses granted, convictions in criminal courts, states and national taxes, compared with the population, number of churches, amounts raised for education, libraries, etc., and claimed that the traffic must be shut down. The nation is in peril through it. The question is often asked those who are interested in the cause of temperance, "What is that to you? You don't drink." The question was readily answered by relating the sad death of Park Valentine and his young bride not long since in the railroad smashup.

A Parisian lady was recently arrested for drunkenness. In defence she said that she read that the surest way of preserving furs from the ravages of moths was to stow them away in an empty spirit cask. She accordingly purchased one and confided to it her cloak. The weather being chilly she required the garment, and upon wearing, the alcoholic fumes produced intoxication. She was acquitted.

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For sale in Arlington, near the centre station two good Houses, a nice stable with one of them, two acres of land well stocked with apple, pear, cherry and peach trees and quince, currant and gooseberry bushes, grape vines and other small fruits all in thrifty bearing condition. Need but to be examined to be appreciated.
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LEAVE Boston FOR Concord, Mass. at 7.05, 9.30, a. m.; 1.45, 4.20, 6.25, 11.30p. m. Return 5.35, 7.25, 8.55, a. m.; 12.42, 4.57, 11.38 p. m.
LEAVE Boston FOR Bedford at 7.05, 9.30, a. m.; 1.45, 4.25, 6.25, 11.45, 11.50 p. m. Return at 5.45, 7.00, 7.35, 8.00, 9.07, a. m.; 12.52, 3.45, 5.09, 11.48 p. m.
LEAVE Boston FOR Lexington at 7.05, 7.40, 8.15, 9.30, a. m.; 12.30, 1.45, 2.45, 4.20, 5.45, 6.25, 7.45, 11.05, 11.30, p. m. Return at 5.56, 7.10, 7.45, 8.08, 8.45, 9.10, 10.30, a. m.; 1.05, 2.05, 3.55, 5.15, 6.15, 11.15, 11.30, p. m.
LEAVE Boston FOR Arlington at 6.30, 7.05, 7.40, 8.15, 9.30, a. m.; 12.20, 1.45, 4.20, 5.50, 6.25, 7.45, 11.05, 11.30, p. m. Return at 5.45, 6.10, 6.25, 7.05, 7.45, 11.05, 11.30, p. m. Return at 6.23, 7.08, 7.35, 8.03, 8.29, 9.07, 9.44, 10.54, a. m.; 1.28, 2.50, 4.17, 5.25, 6.58, 8.17, 11.38, 11.50, p. m.
Wednesdays excepted. 11 Wednesdays only.

SUNDAY TRAINS leave Prison Station at 8.45, a. m.; leave Boston at 12.40, p. m.
J. F. CROCKETT,
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OFFICE
53 Devonshire St., BOSTON.
Elevator at No. 47 Devonshire Street.

VETERINARY NOTICE.
Mr. Chas. Byrne,
Graduate of the Royal Veterinary College, Edinburgh, and member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, England,
VETERINARY SURGEON,
Begs to inform the inhabitants of Arlington and Lexington, and neighborhood, that he can be consulted upon the Diseases of Horses, Cattle, etc., at his office,
DOVER STREET, BOSTON.
Also at his residence, Hancock Street, Lexington, before 5 a. m. and after 5 p. m., and trusts, by strict attention and moderate charges, to give every satisfaction to those who employ him.
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THE GOOD OLD WAY.

John Man had a wife who was kind and true—
A wife who loved him well;
She cared for his home and their only child;
But, if I tell the truth must tell,
She fretted and pined because John was poor—
And his business was slow to pay;
But he only said, when she talked of change,
"We'll stick to the good old way."

She saw her neighbors were growing rich,
And dwelling in houses grand;
That she was living in poverty,
With wealth on every hand;
And she urged her husband to speculate,
To risk his earnings at play;
But he only said, "My dearest wife,
We'll stick to the good old way."

For he knew that the money that's quickly
got
Is the money that's quickly lost;
And the money that stays is the money
earned

At honest endeavor's cost;
So he plodded along in his honest style,
And he bettered himself each day;
And he only said to his fretful wife,
"We'll stick to the good old way."

And at last there came a terrible crash,
When beggary, want and shame
Came down on the names of their wealthy
friends.

While John's remained the same;
For he had no debts and gave no trust.
"My motto is this," he'd say—
"It's a charm against panics of every kind—
"Stick to the good old way."

And his wife looked 'round on the little
house
That was every nail their own.
And she asked forgiveness of honest John
For the peevish mistrust she had shown;
But he only said, as her tearful face
Upon his shoulder lay,
"The good old way is the best way, wife—
We'll stick to the good old way."

THE LIVING BARRIER.

It was a pretty sight to see old
Uncle Jim, as he was called by every
one who traveled the northern trail,
sitting in front of his house in the
afternoon in his great cane-bottomed
chair, with Aunt Polly alongside of him
in hers, the two holding each other's
hand in the most unaffected and
simple way.

Uncle Jim kept the station at Indian
Well, and his house—as the rail was a
great thoroughfare—was generally full
in the evenings with freighters, pack-
ers, "bull punchers," and those travel-
ing for business or pleasure.

Outside the house his dominion was
complete, but inside Aunt Polly was
absolute, for as he said: "Polly 'n me
'greed to split up th' bossin', an' I
never interferes; neither does she. It
conduces to peace, don't it, ole
woman?"

It needed but a glance to see that
nothing of this kind was necessary to
keep peace between these two, for if
ever there was a couple who lived for
each other it was that one.

Every afternoon Uncle Jim would
take his seat outside and light his
pipe, soon to be joined by Aunt Polly,
and there the two would sit, hand in
hand, looking out at the beautiful
scenery of Bald Peak canon. If any
one was there Uncle Jim would tell
stories, while Aunt Polly listened,
lighting a match for him if his pipe
went out, and when called upon giving
her testimony to his statements in her
soft voice and gentle way. I used to
think the sight a beautiful one, and I
was never tired of watching them.

A story which Uncle Jim was never
tired of telling was that of his court-
ship. When he was young he had
lived on the border, and had there
wooed and won his pretty bride, for
Aunt Polly must have been very beau-
tiful when she was young, judging
from her face when I saw her. Often
as he told it, Aunt Polly never failed
to slightly blush and remonstrate at
one point, and as invariably Uncle Jim
would chuckle and then gravely ask
her pardon. But the story itself will
be more interesting than my talking
about how it was told.

"Long back in th' forties I were ez
strapping a young feller ez you c'd
find on th' border, tho' I do say it my-
self, ez orter wait for others to say
such a thing. In them days the border
line wer th' western edge of Iowa,
an' my ol' father, Elder Richard John-
son, had moved out a little beyond th'
most of the settlers. In fac' ther wer
on'y one family further than ourn, and
that were the Beekmans. My Polly's
father wer a curious kinder chap, an'
he b'lieved ef he wer nearer than
thirty mile to any one he wer bein'
desperit crowded. 'N them days I
used t' farm a leetle an' hunt consid-
er'ble, fur th' hull country wer full o'
game. We didn't make no 'count at
all of wild turkey nor prairie chicks,
an' deer wer the smallest things we
thought wuth givin' any one. 'N the
course o' my hunts I came 'cross the
Beekman's cabin, an' had a talk wuth
th' ol' man.

"'N course he vited me in, an' thar
I met my Polly fur th' fust time. She's
kinder old, boys, now, but you orter
ha' seen her then. She wer th' pret-
tiest gal 'n that ar' section of country,
an' t' my eyes th' prettiest I ever see.
T' me she ez pretty ez ever, ain't you,
ol' woman?"

And Uncle Jim gave Aunt Polly's
hand a most perceptible squeeze.
"Arter that ar' fust visit I used to
go thar purty reglar. I allus 'lowed
fur to take some game wuth me ez a
present t' Polly's mother, an' t' kinder
keep th' ol' man quit, fur he was
monstrous fond of talkin' 'bout th'
degeneracy of th' boys; an' I used t'
think ef he looked down on us that ar'
way he'd kinder think I weren't fit t'
hev Polly; an' fur a fac' I weren't
nor no other man ever wer."

"'Now, Jim," said Aunt Polly, warn-
ingly.
"All right, my dear! Th' fac' air,
boys, Polly never w'd gree t' that
statement. I've allus thought she
kinder hankered arter Pette Bartons'
the sto'keeper, and sorter gretted she
didn't take him."

And Uncle Jim laughed until wa
all laughed, out of pure sympathy,
Aunt Polly as loudly as any one.

"'Wa'al," said the old man, wiping
his eyes, "I used to go t' th' Beek-
mans ez much ez I c'd; an' I cot-
toned up t' Polly monstrous strong,
but somehow I never c'd tell her
how I keered fur her. I wer kinder
scared-like, an' I used to hope ez she'd
sorter make the fust move. Mind you,
Polly wer lovin' me th' hull time, but
she never let on, an' I hadn't the
sayez of a mewl in th' matter. I used
t' sit thar an' talk 'bout th' weather,
an' th' crops, an' shootin', an' then
go outside an' blame myself fur a fool,
cause I hadn't said nothin' special t'
her. I used t' make up talks fur t' say;
but bless ye, when I got 'long of Polly
I disremembered 'em totally."

"One day I wer 'n the wood, 'long
wuth father, an' th' two of us wer
cuttin' trees. Fell'n a small saplin',
it broke sudden, an' fallin' hit me on
the shoulder. I wer consider'ble
bruised-like, ez you may think, an' I
went to bed when I got home, an'
stayed thar. It wer my left shoulder
ez wer hurt, an' it swelled up mon-
strous."

"The second day—I'll never forget
that time as long ez I live—a man
came inter our house on his way t' th'
fort—ol' Fort Benton. He told, arter
supper, 'bout rumors ez th' Blackfet
wer on th' war-pa'h, an' said he
wer goin' to warn th' people."

"Arter they all went to sleep I lay
thar, an' I c'dn't get th' story out of
my head. I s'pose it wer th' pain of
my shoulder ez much ez anythin', but
I didn't seem to sleep. Finally I
dropped off, an' I dreamed ez how th'
redskins wer takin' Polly's cabin. I
woke up all of a start, an' in a cold
sweat. That dream fixed me."

"I got up an' stole out quiet, not
wakin' any one, to th' stable. Thar I
saddled my critter, an' rode out into
th' moonlight. Ez you may think, I
headed straight fur old Beekman's
place, an' ez my hoss wer a good one,
I didn't spare spur ridin'. Now you
b'lieve that ar' ride hurt my arm.
Why, boys, I declar I thought I'd faint
 afore I got thar."

And Uncle Jim rubbed his shoulder.
When he put his hand down Aunt
Polly bent and kissed it.

"When I reached th' house it wer
'bout 6 o'clock 'n th' morning, an'
thar 'n th' front yard I seen Polly
feedin' chickens. Ef you'll b'lieve me,
when I got thar I got kinder 'shamed,
an' ef I c'd have gone back I w'd."

"It seemed sorter foolish fur t' come
that way, an' wuth a story that didn't
really 'mount to much ez it stood."

"S'pose ther weren't no raid, what
w'd I have said, frightenin' them
people into fits? However, Polly seen
me an' hailed me, so I c'dn't go back
then."

"I rode up an' got off. The fust
thing I hearn wer that th' old man an'
his wife had gone to Brownville, leav-
in' Polly an' the four young uns t' keep
house. I had some breakfast, an' then
I sat down to smoke."

"Polly found out somehow 'bout my
arm, an' she took on drefful; railly,
hearin' her, I didn't think it hurt half
so much. She 'sisted on my sittin'
still an' lettin' Tom Beekman, her
brother—a slip 'bout ten—feed my
hoss, which Tom, who had a kind of
admiration fur me, wer willin' enough
to do."

"I didn't let on 'bout th' Blackfeet,
but I sorter warned Tom to keep nigh
th' house, an' I kept him by tellin'
stories."

"Ez the day wore on, I got 'mo' an'
mo' nervous, till 'bout 4 o'clock I up
an' telled Polly the hull story. She
got kinder white 'bout th' cheeks—
didn't ye, ol' lady?—an' her eyes got
big like."

"But she didn't flinch, not a mite.
I reckon I loved her better then nor I
do before. She asked what to do, an'
I told her honest ther wer nothin' t'
do 'cept wait, an' mebbe the reds
w'dn't come, an' mebbe her dad 'ud
get back."

"The house wer a log-cabin, fust
rate fur fightin' in, 'cause old Beekman
wer too old a borderman not to make
his house a reg'lar fort. That night
Polly an' the young uns went to bed,
an' I sat up."

"Now, mind ye, I hadn't said a
word to Polly yet, but things wer
gettin' kinder easier, ez it wer. I
went to sleep 'bout three, leavin' Tom
on watch. I guess it wer 'most 8
o'clock when he waked me up an'
said:

"'Jim, thar's somethin' movin'
'long th' edge of th' clarin'!"
"I got up an' looked out, an', sure
enuff, I seen a head, wuth a feather on
it, just over a bush. In course I
knowed th' Injuns had come, an' ef
you'll b'lieve me, my heart sorter sank
down. I never felt skeered afore,
'cept of course wuth Polly, ez I knows
on; but I wer right down frightened
then."

"It's a monstrous mean feeling, that
same skeer. Let alone Polly, I had
them young uns on my hands to take
keer of, an' me wuth only one arm, fur
my left shoulder wer swelled ez big ez
a muskmelon."

"I wer lookin' at them redskins,
fur they'd come out th' bushes by this
time, an' wonderin' what I'd do; an',
boys, I never felt so mean in my life,
when I felt a little hand on my shoul-
der—th' well one. I turned round, an'
thar wer Polly standin'."

"'Jim," says she, "I ain't a bit
skeered wuth you. I looked 'n her eyes
for a moment, an' I got ez bold ez
brass. I bent down, puttin' my arm
round her, an' kissed her, an' ef you'll
b'lieve me Polly kissed me back."

"'Now, Jim, you know that ain't
true," said Aunt Polly, wuth a con-
scious smile, her cheek slightly redd-
enin' as she spoke.

"No, dear," said the old lady, wuth
a placid smile.
"I looks at her for a moment, an' I
says:

"Polly," says I, "I loves you, darlin'."
"Dog gone me ef she didn't put her
head down on my shoulder an' begin t'
cry. I didn't know what t' do."

"Polly," says I, "is you skeered
darlin'?"
"She lifted up her head an' say,
soft-like, her head bent down:
"I die willing, dear, to hear you
say that. I'm cryin' Jim, 'cause I'm
so happy."

"Now I wer happy, too, happy as a
bar 'n a honey tree, but I didn't feel
like cryin'. Not much, boys. I felt,
sore arm an' all, ez tho' I c'd lick all
the redskins this side of the Rockies.
I never did feel so good ez I did then."

I kissed Polly agin, an' then I prepared
for work. By this time them Injuns
had made up their minds ez to what
they'd do, an' a few on 'em come
up t' th' house to break in. They
know'd th' old man wer away, it
seems. I'm glad t' say ez how three
on 'em didn't go back, for Tom settled
one an' I fetched two, restin' the rifle
on th' logs an' Polly loadin' fur me.

Th' rest, they got out. I s'pose it
wer too hot fur 'em. Th' next thing
wer a fight of arrers agin th' logs, but,
bless ye, we didn't care for them.
Then ther wer a lull kinder for a
time, an' at last I seen some fire arr-
ers fly out. They'd taken tufts of grass,
wound 'em round the arrers, an' shot
'em off blazin'. At first they fel
short, an' wherever I c'd see a red-
skin I'd fire, generally hurtin' the chap
I aimed at. But arter a while they
moseyed 'round th' clearin' t'
th' side nearest th' house, an'
here they'd fire them arrers from be-
hind trees, so I didn't see 'em.

"Bimebye one of 'em lit, an' fust
thing I knowed, th' roof wer on fire.
Now, I wer consider'ble bothered
'bout this, fur I had no water to put
th' fire out, an' ef I had, I c'dn't
work much wuth one arm. I wer
studyin' on it, an' them reds were
yellin' outside, when all of a sudden
my eye fell on a long pole in one
corner."

"That 'ar roof were made of shakes
—slabbed-out boards, you know—an'
they was pinned to th' beams. I picks
up th' pole, an' puttin' it agin th'
burnin' shake, th' hull lot of us heaved.
Bimebye th' shake give an' slid off."

"Wall, I were delighted! I kissed
Polly an' th' two gals, an' shook hands
wuth Tom. I calculated that we'd
shove off a shake soon ez it got on fire,
an' I knowed th' logs w'dn't burn."

I told Polly to get a mattress, an' get
under it, so ez to be safe of any arrers
fell through th' hole, but she put th'
young uns thar, an' stayed out herself.
Said she weren't goin' to let me be in
danger, she outer it. 'Pears to me
now ez this were kinder foolish, but
then I thought it were just like Polly,
an' in course what Polly did were
right."

"I'd do the same now, Jim," said the
old lady.

"I b'lieve you w'd. I b'lieve you
w'd! Waal, boys, time slipped on,
an' every chance Tom or I got we'd
fire, an' some body'd get hurt. I told
Tom an' Polly an' the gals to keep a
sharp lookout, fur I were feared of a
run-in by th' reds. Sure enuff, 'bout
10 o'clock they come. Fust thing I
knowed they were batterin' away at
th' door, an' they got it down."

"Wall, it 'peared t' me ez tho' I
went crazy just then. I ketched hold
of an ax standin' thar an' I set myself
in that doorway an' ef you'll b'lieve
me, ther weren't no Injun ez come in.
My arm! I never thought 'bout my
arm at all till it wer 'ol over."

"Jim stood up ther 'n front of us,"
broke in Aunt Polly, wuth kindling
eyes, "an' it seemed to me ez ef he got
bigger. He swung that ax round his
head ez ef it wer a reed. Just beyond
him wer the howling crowd of sav-
ages, leapin' at him like wolves, and
yellin' ez only Injuns can yell. I could
see them by the firelight. Between
them and us stood Jim, an' they never
got past him. I tell you it wer a grand
sight! It seemed to me ez tho' I was
ez safe ez ever I was, an' I felt sure
Jim w'dn't get hurt. I knowed he
w'dn't!"

"Th' old lady allus gets a leetle off
her head 'bout that fight," said Uncle
Jim, wuth a glance full of affection at
his wife; "but it wer a grand one,
that's a fac'. I dunno how long it
lasted; it mout have bin a minute an'
it mout have bin an hour fur all I c'd
tell. At last the reds broke an' run,
leavin' a pile of 'm lyin' at thar door-
step. We got up th' door agin, an'
arter that they let us alone fur the
night. Next morning, 'bout seven, a
lot of men come an' the Injuns got
out. I wer sick wuth my arm fur a
long time, but Polly, she 'sisted on our
bein' married so she c'd nuss me, an'
we wer."

When I got well we gin a
party, an' a high old time we had.
Sense then we've had our easy times
an' hard times, but take it all round
and we've lived pretty well. An' th'
best of it all is that we've never had
no trouble between us, has we, Polly,"
and Uncle Jim looked at his wife.

"No, dear, never a bit," was the
gentle answer from Aunt Polly.—
A. Fred Balch.

He Did Not Hear It.

Johnny Fizzlepot had been over to
the house of a neighbor, Colonel Percy
Yerger.

"Well, Johnny," asked Major Fiz-
zlepot, "did you have a nice time over
at Colonel Yerger's?"

"Oh, yes, I had a nice time, and, pa,
they are going to have cabbage for
dinner."

"Haven't I told you forty times that
you must never repeat what you have
heard at people's houses?"

"But, pa, I didn't hear anything
about the cabbage. I smelled it wuth
my nose."—Stynga.

Ex-Governor Stanford, of California,
owns one ranch at Vina, Tehama
county, covering 25,000 acres of land.
It will be planted in grapes.

HOME OF THE MORMONS.

CHIEF POINTS OF INTEREST IN SALT LAKE CITY DESCRIBED.

How the Mormon Capital is Situated—Its
Tabernacle and Its Temple—The System
of Tithing and Its Working.

From Ogden, Utah, to Salt Lake
City by rail is a distance of about sixty
miles, and the ride, except for an occa-
sional glimpse of the Great Salt Lake,
is uninteresting. The track runs
through an arid, level plain, strongly
impregnated with salt and alkali. On
the east lie some spurs of the Rockies,
and on the west the white waters of
the sea of death. No natural vegeta-
tion, except the irrepressible sage-
brush, grows in this plain, but where
artificial irrigation has been thoroughly
practiced excellent farms relieve the
terrible monotony of white earth and
green-gray brush. The road is always
several miles from the shores of the
lake, and Salt Lake City itself is over
fifteen miles from the nearest indenta-
tion of its waters. At one point, only
a short distance from the city, the train
passes within a few yards of some hot
sulphur springs, the water of which is
perfectly green in color and rises at a
temperature of a little over 200 degrees.
Rounding the point the traveler comes
within sight of the Wasatch range of
mountains, which lie a few miles to the
south of the city, and in a brief time
the great domed roof of the Tabernacle
and the gleaming white walls of the
new temple appear.

It is customary to hear a good deal
about the beauty of Salt Lake City's
buildings and its noble streets, with
their rivulets of clear mountain water
running on either side. The beauty
of the buildings I was unable to dis-
cover. The one principal business
street has some substantial brick and
stone stor's, but by no means superior
to those that are to be found in the
average Western city of from 25,000
to 30,000 inhabitants. The water is
certainly there, but as it is confined in
narrow sluice-boxes of wood which has
grown stained and discolored, its clear-
ness is not strikingly apparent. For-
merly the citizens drew their supply
for daily needs from these troughs, but
now there is a pressure force in all the
more important streets, and the open
water goes down to the valleys to sup-
ply the farms and do the needed irri-
gation, without a thorough system of
which no farming is possible in this
district. A city ordinance makes it a
punishable offense to throw anything,
even a piece of paper, into these
streets.

If the city is not specially beautiful
in itself, its establishment and growth
in a little more than thirty years are
really marvelous. Probably no more
unpromising site was ever selected,
and the choice was made with the be-
lief that no one would dispute the
possession of such worthless land. It
would apparently grow nothing but
the everlasting sage brush, which so
wearies the eyes of the travelers of the
great American desert, and which even
a jackass will refuse to eat. There
was no river, and the distant lake af-
forded no outlet for their productions.
Yet to-day the country for thirty miles
southwest of the city presents a suc-
cession of splendidly-worked farms,
and the fruits, especially apples and
plums, grown there have become fa-
mous. The first step was, of course,
the procuring of water, and this was
brought from City canon, a distance
of between four and five miles from
the site of the town. The melting
snows and natural springs in this and
other canons still constitute the city's
source of supply.

The first settlers, on their long pil-
grimage across the plains, after hav-
ing been driven from Illinois, debouched
upon the ground where the city now
stands, through what is called Emi-
grant canon. This affords some of the
most beautiful scenery in the Terri-
tory; for while the rocky passes have
not the majestic height of the Echo
and Weber canons of the Rockies, they
have the charm of wooded verdure,
and in the narrow valley, sometimes
level with the road and at others more
than 100 feet below it, nestle snug lit-
tle farms and pretty cottages. In the
latter, however, the trained eye of the
observer of Mormon customs can see
the curse of the system—plurality of
wives. The style of the cottage, with
its various doors of entrance, will tell
how many wives the owner rejoices in.
The wealthy Mormon provides a sepa-
rate house for each wife; the less pros-
perous divides his house into different
portions, each distinct, and having its
own door of entrance. Only the very
poorest expect the wives to live to-
gether, and this is rarely done when
there are more than two or three.

The Tabernacle and the Temple have
before been briefly alluded to as the
most important buildings in the city.
The former was constructed from the
designs of the late Brigham Young. It
is oval in form, with a length of 250
feet by a width of 150, and has a
domed-shaped roof entirely without
central support. This is unquestion-
ably the largest unsupported roof in
world. It is constructed of girder
irons, and is eight feet thick. The
total seating capacity of the building
is 15,000, two-thirds of whom are ac-
commodated on the ground floor, on
plain wooden benches. There is no
decoration whatever to the building,
except some festoons of evergreens
which have been up for nearly ten
years, and owing to the purity and dry-
ness of the atmosphere remain per-
fectly fresh. Nearly all the side walls
are a series of doors, and the building
can if necessary be emptied of its wor-
shippers in an incredibly short space of
time. At one end is an extensive plat-
form, on which stands the grand organ,
a very large and fine-toned instrument,
which was built by resident workmen.
In front of the organ sits the head of
the church, or, as he is universally
called, "The President." Below him
are his three highest officers and ad-
visers; still lower the twelve apostles,
and then banks of seats for the bish-

ops. Large waterbutts for baptismal
purposes stand on either side of the
platform. There is no regular preach-
er, but any member whom the spirit
moves gets up and exhorts. The
acoustic properties of this enormous
chamber are simply marvelous. The
balcony is a gigantic whispering gal-
lery, and the winding-up of a watch or
the dropping of an ordinary pin into a
stiff hat at one end of the building can
be distinctly heard at the other, 250
feet away.

Immediately across the street from
the temple is the tithing yard, a piece
of ground of several acres in extent,
scattered here and there with build-
ings for the storage of produce and the
keeping of live stock. All good Mor-
mons are required to pay, in addition
to territorial and city taxes, one-tenth
of each year's produce to the church,
and it is usually paid in kind. Wagons
bringing in fruit, hay, corn, straw,
oats, cattle, sheep, pigs, etc., are con-
stantly arriving. Each class of produce
is received by a special elder, who
has charge of its storage and subse-
quent sale. One great industry is the
manufacture of salt, which is obtained
by flooding the meadows with the
waters of the lake. This is so strongly
impregnated that from every five gal-
lons of water one gallon of salt is ob-
tained. This proportion is considerably
in excess of that of the waters of the
Dead Sea.—New York Star.

It Didn't Hit.

There was a chap on the boat who
lived at Jackson, Miss., and he was
telling us many anecdotes regarding
the negro population. Among others,
he had a friend who one day asked of
an aged darkey:

"Well, colonel, what particular ossi-
fication has predominated over the
ramifications of late?"

The old man gave a pull at his hat
with one hand, and scratched his head
with the other, and answered:
"Well, sah, I reckon dat was him
gwine down de road a few minits ago
on top of a mewl!"

There was a passenger who was
greatly amused by these anec-
dotes, and two or three times after-
ward I caught him hunting in a
dictionary for big words and string-
ing them together. When we arrived
at Natchez he was all loaded up. A
lot of us went up to see the town, and
as we passed the crest of the long and
dusty hill we met a colored woman on
her way down. Here was the chance
the smart Aleck had been waiting for,
and he halted her and demanded:

"Madame, have you systemized the
disability of the precocious influenza
this morning?"

He was bowing and smiling, and
she looked thunderstruck. After a
minute she asked:

"What's dat you remark?"

"I interpolated the interrogation as to
whether you had ambuscaded the
gigantic verbosity," he continued.

"No, sah, I hasn't," she said, as she
removed the basket from her head,
"but Ize gwine to right away!"

With that she brought him a clip
with her hand on the ear, and followed
it up by a punt in the back that
sprawled him into the dust and laid
him gasping like a fish.

"If de verbosity wants enny mo' he
can foller me down to de levee!" she
remarked as she walked off; but he
didn't. He was dust from head to
foot, his humorous nature had evap-
orated, and he got back to the boat to
keep his lenth for the next eight hours.
—Detroit Free Press.

Paralyzed by a Snake-Bite.

A man named Joseph G. Martine
suffers from a most singular affliction.
Martine was bitten by a snake on the
14th of last December. The reptile
was not considered to be of a poison-
ous species. The wound, which was
on the right wrist, healed in due time,
and nothing further was thought of
the incident until March 23, when a
feeling of numbness set in his arm.
Thence the feeling extended until it
affected the entire right side of his
body and the limbs attached thereto.
Since May 10 the application of a red-
hot iron to the flesh on that side of his
body causes him no pain whatever,
but if a piece of ice or a drop of water
is touched to it he is thrown into vio-
lent convulsions. The left side is en-
tirely unaffected. His mental faculties
and digestive organs are also un-
affected, and he talks as cheerfully and
eats as heartily as any healthy being,
but he is helpless so far as concerns
manual labor or physical exercise. He
can stand only when leaning against
some object on his right.—Gridley
(Cal.) Herald.

Headless Insect.

Science does not gain much from ex-
periments in cutting off the heads of
insects to see how they will act after
decapitation, but a scientific gentle-
man named M. Paestrina, who has
lately diverted himself in that manner,
makes some surprising announcements
as the results of his experiments. Flies,
he finds, experience very little in-
convenience from the operation—in fact,
they scarcely appear to be con-
scious of it. Butterflies use their wings
with perfect ease eighteen days after
their heads have been severed from
their bodies; crickets and grasshoppers
jump about with their accustomed
liveliness until the thirteenth day,
when they seem to grow dejected and
aware that there is something amiss
with them; ants run hither and
thither briskly in a headless state for
a period of about a week; in short,
all the insects M. Paestrina has ex-
perimented upon appear to manage
almost as well without as with their
heads.

William Masters, who died recently
at Maldstone, Vt., was born at An-
dover, Mass., in 1772, and lived, there-
fore, to be 111 years old. He was a
soldier in 1812, and was never sick
until he died.

LIFE'S TRUE SIGNIFICANCE.

Deeper than all sense of seeing
Lies the secret source of being.
And the soul with truth agreeing
Learns to live in thoughts and deeds;
For the life is more than raiment,
And the earth is pledged for payment
Unto man for all his needs.

Nature is our common mother.
Every living man our brother.
Therefore let us serve each other;
But because through cheerful giving
We shall learn the art of living;
And to live and serve is best.

Life is more than what man fancies;
Not a game of idle chances;
But it steadily advances
Up the rugged heights of time,
Till each complex web of trouble,
Every sad hope's broken bubble,
Hath a meaning most sublime.

More of religion, less profession;
More of firmness, less concession;
More of freedom, less oppression.
In the church and in the state;
More of life and less of fashion;
More of love and less of passion;
That will make us good

SEASIDE LETTER.

ASBURY PARK, Aug. 1, 1883.

Your correspondent has taken a run down here for a little sea air and will induce a few lines as an echo from the "sad sea waves." 'Tis good to lay off the harness—shift the load from weary shoulders—and walk over new pathways. Editors, correspondents, saints, sinners, man and beast, all need the abandon, the letting off of the pressure, the restfulness that new scenes and associations bring to tired humanity during the summer solstice, in the mountains or by the murmuring sea. In this age of telephones, telegraphs, cheap postage, rapid transit and lightning trains, Americans are under a business pressure, in ten months of the year, ten-fold greater than that of our fathers fifty years ago. In these days the thoughts of yesterday are forged into grand improvements to-day, and the work of human hands are superceded by the accelerated energies of machinery. With this condition of things and the growing accumulation of wealth it is not strange that business in all the great centres should be absolutely suspended during the heated term.

The growth of this American idea has converted the barren sands of the Jersey coast for its entire length into seaside resorts, where tens of thousands of the gay and wealthy are domiciled in tents, cottages and hotels. In 1869 Asbury Park was a sandy desert without a solitary house or a single inhabitant. The property was assessed at about \$15,000. Thirteen years have wrought a marvelous change. There are now one thousand and eighty-five cottages and many large and elegant summer hotels. Its present assessed valuation is over \$1,000,000. Ocean Grove, near by and separated from Asbury Park by a beautiful lake, is the great gathering place of the Methodist denomination. The fourth reunion of the Sanitary and Christian commission and the chaplains of the Confederate and Union armies have been in session for four days in the great auditorium at Ocean Grove. A very large number of the old guard still living were present, and the rehearsal of scenes and incidents of the battlefield, the hospital and the camp, elicited the deepest interest on the part of the great crowd of listeners. Many of the living never can know how much is due to the noble band of men and women, who, under the head of that great hearted philanthropist and Christian, George H. Stuart, Esq., of Philadelphia, were banded together under the name of the Christian Commission, which sent 5000 delegates to the battlefields to be distributed to the sick, wounded and dying, of the delicacies and necessities given in such marvelous quantities by the warm-hearted, open-handed people of the north. This commission secured over \$600,000 in value that was given to the soldiers to supplement the work the government was trying as best it could to do. Let us long remember the noble band of men and women who came to the government's relief, as ministers of mercy to her sick, wounded and dying soldiers.

The student of human nature can have no more fertile field for study than the seaside. Here are found specimens of all classes, from the highest culture to the most unintelligent. The man of shoddy, the too utterly dude, and the thoughtless pleasure seeker jostle each other in the great throng that promenade the beach at twilight to the music of the rolling surf, or if he seeks to come into closer contact with humanity, the bathing hour will give him an opportunity to discover how diversified the anatomy of the human race really is. A wonderful change is effected, both in flesh and thin people, by a few moments spent in the bath houses in stripping and dressing for an hour's sport in the rolling surf. Thin people are invariably timid, and go with a hesitating step into the water, and the first approach of the surf, if it does not take them off their feet, elicits a screech of terror. To a fat, jolly, whole souled woman, sea bathing is most exhilarating. Physical deformities, fat or anti-fat, are all forgotten and never count among bathers. Everybody is expected to furnish their share of the fun, and the little dump of a woman and her friend, the tall spinster that looks like a pair of tongs attired in a bathing suit, are there for a good time, and the other thousands who are disporting like porpoises in the surf, furnish any amount of fun to the crowd upon the beach, who watch with intense interest the pranks of the bathers. There is nothing like the exhilaration of sea air as an appetizer. Dyspeptics who growl and grumble at home will here become regular gormandizers. It certainly is a poor place for doctors, but is a bonanza field for butchers, bakers and hucksters.

The assertion made by a "non-church-goer" in the last North American Review, that, "in these days only a small proportion of intelligent and eminently respectable people are regular attendants upon religious services on Sunday," is so often made and so seldom contradicted that it has begun to pass current as an axiomatic fact; and it does one good to see it so vigorously taken up and its falsity so conclusively demonstrated as it is by Dr. W. H. Ward's paper which follows. Dr. Ward has studied the census to good effect. He shows that of the fifty millions of people in the United States, five millions, probably representing thirty millions of church goers, are communicants in Protestant churches; that in 1800 the communicants were

seven per cent. of the entire population and they are now twenty per cent.; that while the population has increased ninefold, the evangelical communicants have increased twenty-seven fold; that is, the increase in church membership has been three times as much as even the almost miraculous increase in the population; that if the country has reason to be jubilant and grateful for its marvelous growth, the evangelical churches have three times as much reason to be jubilant and grateful for their growth. He then goes on to assert—for this cannot be made a matter of statistical demonstration—that the church going population represents the best part of the population, while "it is the saloon and groggery population which supplies the larger part of non church-goers;" he at once illustrates and enforces this position by calling for a roll of scientific men, that we may see for ourselves how few range themselves on the side of infidelity and how many on the side of organized Christianity; and he closes his article by a paragraph showing that the growth of the church in our own land is only part of that of the Christian churches in all lands: "Christian nations ruled two hundred millions of people at the beginning of this century. Now they rule six hundred and eighty-five millions." We have rarely seen—never in so small a space—so large and true an outlook over the world and the church; and we recommend it to the careful perusal both of shouting infidels and wailing believers.—*Christian Union.*

This office is splendidly stocked with job printing type.

TERRIBLE SUFFERING.

Kidney and Bladder Complaints of Many Years Duration.—His Word Good as Gold.—Case of City Assessor Francis Gomard, 89 Summer St., Lowell, Mass. "His word is as good as a bank note at any bank in Lowell, and I know it," was the opinion of a well known citizen, in speaking of City Assessor Francis Gomard. Your reporter found Mr. Gomard at his pleasant home, which, with many others, adorns Summer street and fronts the charming park of South Common. Mr. Gomard said:—"I have been, as many of my friends know, a great sufferer from kidney and urinary troubles for a long time. My physician said it was the result of diseased kidneys and enlargement of the prostate gland. I had suffered terribly, and although my physician's treatment had been the best which this city afforded, I got no better. I said finally, 'Doctor, it is no use. I have done all that is in your power to do, I know that, but I must get help from some other source or die.' Finally I was induced to try Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY, a medicine which had been recommended very highly for kidney diseases. I received help at once. It has acted like a charm with me. Why so? Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is an honest preparation, and I know it. I did not think anything would help me, but this gave me better health than any medicine ever prescribed for me. I have recommended it to ever so many of my friends in the city of Lowell, and with the same result. They think there is nothing like Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY." What Mr. Gomard says can be depended upon as any one acquainted with the gentleman knows.

ARLINGTON

Miniature Directory, 1883.

TOWN OFFICERS.

Selectmen, Overseers of Poor, etc.—Alonzo W. Damon, Henry J. Locke, Samuel E. Kimball.

Town Clerk, Treasurer and Collector.—B. Delmont Locke. Office at Town Hall. Office hours from 8 to 12; from 2 to 6. Open evenings, Wednesdays excepted.

School Committee.—Dr. Wm. A. Winn, Chairman; C. E. Goodwin, secretary; Timothy O'Leary, Henry Swan, William E. Wood, Rev. C. H. Watson, Rev. Matthew Harkins, A. Willard Damon, Rev. E. B. Mason, D. D.

Library Committee.—James P. Parmenter, John T. Trowbridge, Richard L. Hodgdon.

Water Commissioners.—Henry Mott, Samuel E. Kimball, Warren Rawson.

Water Registrar, B. Delmont Locke; Supt. of Works, Geo. W. Austin, office at Town Hall.

Superintendent of Streets, G. W. Austin.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Charles Gott, Chief Engineer. George A. Stearns, William Gibson, Assts. Meet last Saturday evening before last Monday in each month.

HIGHLAND HOSE, NO. 2.

Foreman, Matthew Rowe 2d; Clerk, John Meade; treasurer, Geo. H. Hill; steward, John Nolan. Meet the second Tuesday in each month.

WM. PENN HOSE NO. 3.

Foreman, Wm. O. Austin; 1st Asst. Frank P. Winn; clerk, N. Whittier; treasurer, Warren A. Peirce; steward, Charles E. Bacon. Meet third Tuesday in each month.

MENOTOMY H. AND L. TRUCK.

Foreman, John Butler; clerk, John Splan; steward, Wm. Sweeney. Meet second Tuesday of each month.

POLICE OFFICERS.

John H. Hartwell, chief. Patrick J. Shean. Garret Barry.

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

The Library is open every week day afternoon, from 3 to 6 o'clock, except on Wednesdays and Saturdays, when it is kept open two hours later. The Library is located in Town Hall building.

Lizzie J. Newton, Librarian.

ARLINGTON 5 CT. SAV. BANK.

Albert Winn, President.

The offices are in Bank Building, corner of Arlington Avenue and Pleasant Street and are open for business Wednesday and Saturday afternoons and evenings, after three o'clock. Abel R. Proctor, Secretary.

CHURCHES.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

Rev. Charles H. Watson, Pastor. Wendell E. Richardson, supt. of S. S. H. E. Chamberlin, assistant. John F. Allen, Jr., secretary and treasurer. Preaching service at 10.45. Sunday School at noon; evening service at 7 o'clock.

FIRST PARISH—UNITARIAN.

Rev. J. P. Forbes, Pastor. Sunday School at 9.30. H. H. Ceiley, superintendent; preaching service at 10.45.

ST. JOHN'S—EPISCOPAL.

Rev. C. M. Addison, Rector. Morning prayer and sermon 10.30; evening prayer and sermon 7.30; Sunday School at noon; Thos. B. Cotter, supt; James Wilson, librarian.

PLEASANT STREET CONGREGATIONAL.

Rev. E. B. Mason, D.D., Pastor. Myron Taylor, Superintendent of Sunday School; Charles S. Parker, assistant; Edm. W. Noyes, secretary. Preaching service at 10.45; Sunday School at noon; services in the evening at 7.30 o'clock; Young Peoples' meeting at 6.30.

ST. MALACHY—CATHOLIC.

Rev. Matthew Harkins, Pastor. Rev. James J. O'Brien and Rev. J. W. Gallagher, Assistants. Low mass at 8 o'clock; high mass at 10.30; vespers at 4 p. m. Sunday school at 2.45; under the care of pastor and assistants.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

Mrs. M. Fletcher, superintendent of S. S. Henry Swan, Miss L. J. Russell, assistants, Secretary, Miss Nellie Marston, Treasurer. Charles S. Richardson. Preaching service at 10.45; Sunday School at noon.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Union Hall, Arlington Heights. Rev. Frank I. Fisher, Pastor. Preaching at 10.45 a. m.; Praise service at 7 p. m.; Sunday School at noon. Geo. V. Young, superintendent. Austin Sylvester, secretary and treasurer. Henry A. Kinder, librarian.

SOCIETIES.

Hiram Lodge, F. A. M. Meets in Masonic Hall, corner Arlington Avenue and Bedford street, Thursday on or before full moon each month. Edm. W. Noyes, W. M. Secretary, L. D. Bradley. Treasurer, George D. Tufts.

Menotomy Royal Arch Chapter. Meets in Masonic Hall, second Tuesday of each month. Charles H. Prentiss, H. P. Secretary, Joseph W. Whitaker. Treasurer, Wilson W. Fay.

Bethel Lodge, No. 12, I. O. O. F. Meets in Bank Building, corner Arlington Avenue and Pleasant street, every Wednesday evening. G. P. Peirce, N. G. Secretary, Chas. S. Richardson. Treasurer, William L. Clark.

Arlington Lodge, No. 584, K. of H. Meets in Reynolds Hall, second and fourth Mondays of each month. John H. Hardy, Dict. Reporter, I. O. Carter. Treasurer, R. W. Shattuck.

Frances Gould Post 36, G. A. R. Meet in Bethel Lodge room, Bank Building, second and fourth Thursdays of each month. John H. Hardy, Com. Adjt. C. S. Parker. Q. M. James A. Marden.

Ancient Order Hibernians. Meet in Hibernian Hall (old Adams School house), first Tuesday in each month, at eight o'clock, p. m. President, Patrick Corrigan. Timothy Shean, secretary. John McGrath, treasurer.

Ponemah Tribe, No. 9, Improved Order of Red Men. Meet in Menotomy Hall, Arlington Avenue, every Friday evening. James Durgin, Prophet; Wm. J. Dinsmore, Sachem; Albert E. Cotton, Chief of Records.

Robert Emmet Land League. Meet in Hibernian Hall the first and third Tuesdays in each month. Timothy O'Leary, president. Secretary, Charles T. Scannell. Treasurer, Matthew Rowe.

Mt. Horeb Lodge, No. 19, Order of American Orangemen. Meet in Menotomy Hall, Arlington Avenue, first and third Mondays of each month. Thomas Roden, W. M.; Geo. Reynolds, D. M.; W. J. Dinsmore, secretary; James Durgin, treasurer.

Catholic T. A. & B. Society. Meet in vestry of St. Malichy church first Sunday in each month. P. H. Byron, president. Secretary, John H. Byron. Treasurer, Michael E. O'Leary.

Arlington W. C. T. Union. Meet once in two weeks, on Friday, at the churches, alternating. Mrs. J. A. Bassett, president. Secretary, Mrs. Geo. C. Whittemore. Treasurer, Mrs. S. Stickney.

Cotting High School Alumni Association. Edgar Crosby, president. Secretary and treasurer, George H. Cutter.

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Arlington Heights. FOR SALE.

Thorough house of 11 rooms and bathroom,

and laundry; large closets, cellar, cemented and plastered; 12,000 square feet of land, finely located; extended views; everything in good condition. Price low. Apply to A. GRIFFITHS, 4matf 91 Water Street, Boston.

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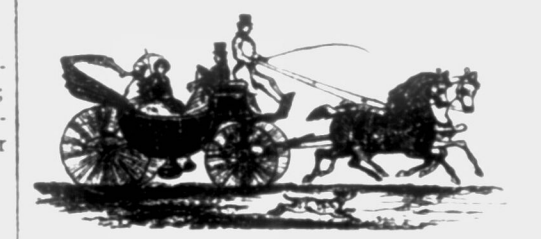
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Misses' and Childrens' School Boots, Glove Calf, Goat and Grain. Mens' Boys' and Youths' Fine Goods. All kinds and prices. Men and Boys Straw Hats. New goods. Call and see them at the old corner.

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